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NEW STATESMAN

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Flip-Flop on Europe?

The Government's Direct Elections Bill does not at first sight look like an inflammatory document. But it has already provided the occasion for yet another outbreak of squabbling on the Left over the whole European issue. Six members of the cabinet oppose it tooth-and-nail and, together with some 30 other members of the Government, have already won a dispensation to fight it with their votes (though not with their voices) on the floor of the House of Commons. Some of them, no doubt, may actually prefer a bureaucratic Europe to a democratic one; but the majority, it seems fair to assume, simply see in opposition to the Bill the chance to demonstrate that their anti-European ardour has not declined with the years.

Mr Benn, as he showed at his Common Market Safeguards Committee press conference earlier this month, is certainly of that company. Not content with observing (a little tautologically) that the British people would have 'a clear constitutional right' to withdraw from the Market altogether 'if Parliament and people were so to decide', he went on to declare (rather more meaningfully) that Labour's prospects at the next election could well depend 'more on how a future Labour government intends to approach the question of the Common Market than on any other single political issue'. Stripped of their necessary ministerial ambiguity, those words can only mean that Mr Benn is in favour of the Labour Party making an anti-Market appeal its principal plank at the next election. And so, presumably, are most of those within the Labour Party who in the coming months will set about trying to thwart the Government's main surviving piece of legislation.

It is worth being clear at the outset that the argument is not primarily about proportional representation, regional lists, the Boundary Commission, multi-member constituencies or any of the other detailed provisions. The real dividing line remains where it always was – between those who accept the idea of Britain in Europe and those who have still not come to terms with it. The latter, at least in the Labour Party context, have some excuse on their side: from their point of view the music simply stopped at the wrong moment. For there have already been four distinct phases to Labour's Market history – implacable opposition (1962-3), eager, if vain, application (1966-70), renewed opposition (1971-4), 'renegotiation' and acceptance of its results (1974-5). For Labour's root and branch anti-Market brigade defeating the Direct Elections Bill is now the best way of ensuring that the game can start all over again.

Unfortunately, however, it is also the best way of making sure that the present Labour Government ends up not just in disarray but as an object of total derision. The plain fact is that Mr Callaghan's cabinet (or the loyalist three-quarters of it) cannot afford to lose another major Bill, least of all one that is central to its 'arrangement' with the Liberals. In that respect the Government has shown a certain strength of nerve in recommending the PR/regional list system of election rather than the customary single constituency, first-past-the-post method. The majority of Tories will certainly strive to defeat this aspect of the Bill: indeed, Mrs Thatcher's agents are already zealously putting around the word that it is imperative for Britain's Tories to scoop the pool in next summer's European elections if only to act as a counterweight to all the dangerous socialists and communists elected in the rest of Europe. But in this case Tory opposition will not guarantee Labour support, since Labour's hardcore anti-Marketeers will be only too delighted to see the entire European cause discredited by totally unrepresentative election results. On such cross-currents could the fate of the Bill easily be decided.

There will probably be little trouble in getting a Second Reading – but then neither was there in the case of the original Devolution Bill (and we all know what happened to that). Once again the real threat to the present Bill will lie in parliamentary time-wasting and nit-picking – and Labour MPs who joyfully rush to join in that should at least be clear what kind of enterprise they are engaged in. Defeating a Bill may be one thing; destroying a Government – and letting in Mrs Thatcher – is something else.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

On Your Anniversary

Dear Jim, It is now three months – 13 weeks indeed – since you made your deal with the Liberals. At the time, I must say, it seemed to me to be quite a reasonable affair: it did not seem to commit you to much, and it got you out of a nasty situation. Let me remind you of the details. You agreed to set up a joint consultative committee, whose existence would 'not commit the Government to accepting the views of the Liberal Party, or the Liberal Party to supporting the Government on any issue'. Fine. You also agreed that Denis Healey would start having regular meetings with John Pardoe and that you would meet David Steel 'as necessary'. Excellent. (And rather astute, if I may say so, to bag Steel for yourself while palming off Pardoe on Denis. I imagine you must have got some rather old-fashioned looks when you announced this one in cabinet.)

Then you agreed to present legislation on direct elections in this session, to publish a White Paper setting out the choices between different electoral systems, to take full account of the Liberal Party's commitment, to make a recommendation on the choice of electoral system, and to have a free vote on the matter in both Houses. Nothing much wrong with this, at first sight – or was there? You next promised consultation on devolution, and a free vote on proportional representation for the devolved assemblies in any future debate; but you did not promise that there would actually *be* a future debate, so it did not look as if this clause committed you to very much. You made minor promises about the Housing (Homeless) Persons Bill and the Local Authorities (Works) Bill. You agreed that the 'arrangement' between you 'should last till the end of the session, when both parties would consider whether the experiment has been of sufficient benefit to the country to be continued'. Finally, you also agreed that this understanding should be made public.

And now here you are, being driven down to Chequers, whizzing through the cow parsley, with your NEW STATESMAN on your lap and a boiled sweety in your mouth. And you're feeling rather cheesed off – *effromagé*, as the French say – and wondering where you went wrong: and a little voice inside you pipes up and says 'Jim old boy, you've bished it. The whole arrangement was one God-almighty bish'. Bish number one: making the deal. Bish number two: announcing it. Bish number three: sticking to it. Bish number four: failing to provide yourself with an escape-route. Bish upon bish upon bish – a pageant of bishes, bishes of all shapes and sizes, stretching out as far as the eye can see. Fred Peart was a bish. Ted Short was a bish. David Marquand was a bish. Brian Walden will be a bish. Listening to Peter Jay was a bish. Listening to Peter Jenkins is a bish. But the worst bish of all, the Original Bish, was to flirt with young Steel.

You may have noticed, in your occasional meetings with him, how David Steel's nose has grown in the last three months. He's like Pinocchio: every time he makes a public demand of the Government, another inch is added to his conk. The process is really most singular. Before the deal, the nose was shy, idealistic, unassuming. One wouldn't have given it a second thought. On the night of Thatcher's no-confidence debate, it caused very little comment in the media. But since that time, with each successive public statement, the nose has extended itself, so that one sees it now a full three seconds before the face to which it is attached has entered the chamber. And today, while you are conferring with the cabinet at Chequers, Steel's nose and the plans for its future development, are the subject of debate at the Parliamentary Liberal Party's annual long-term policy meeting. Just how far, the Liberals are wondering, can David's nose be inserted into the Government's business?

There are those who think that, come the end of the session, the nose should be chopped off altogether, or at least pruned back to its original size. They are the men who, for various Liberal reasons, thought that the deal was a bad thing from the start, or thought that they could have done better. Emlyn Hooson was quietly sceptical (they all agreed to keep quiet in public, and have succeeded to a remarkable degree – for Liberals). There is always trouble from Richard Wainwright's quarter: Wainwright considers himself to be the embodiment of radicalism, and in the epic battle between the frogs and the mice is usually found at the head of the frogs. But in the end it is likely that the temptation to continue the pact will prove the strongest. The question is, on what terms?

Steel himself, at the moment, is feeling in quite a good mood about the deal. For a start, one half of him is glad that the Government, by showing their dividedness over direct elections, has given him a ready-made excuse for not renewing the arrangement beyond this session. If needs be, he feels, he can extract himself without incurring charges of dishonour. He can say: 'Look, we tried to help them, but they were so hopelessly divided – what could we do?' On the other hand, Steel's basic wish is to continue cooperating. He would like to see the Government remain throughout 1978, maybe into 1979. But in order to do so he must get something in return, and that something must be convincing to his own party and his own target audience among the electorate. In other words, he will never be satisfied. He cannot afford to be satisfied. The nose must go on growing.

Already the terms which Steel puts across in public have considerably advanced upon the original deal of three months ago. For instance, there was no mention of Phase Three in the deal, yet now it has become essential that a proper settlement (one that will satisfy Pardoe, that is) is reached with the unions. The other two items, direct elections and devolution, will be difficult enough to achieve without the added complication of a tri-partite agreement between the unions, the Treasury and John Pardoe on the future of the economy. But if, by some miracle, you were to succeed in this, you will only have satisfied the preconditions for *talks* on the renewal of the deal.

One suggestion, which you may have heard whispered around Westminster, is that if the deal really does take the Government to the threshold of the oil-rich Eighties the Liberals might be rewarded with some kind of informal electoral truce. That is, in some seats where Tories have a narrow majority over Liberals, the local Labour parties might be persuaded to withdraw their candidates. Steel has been thinking a little along these lines, and has asked for a paper to be prepared setting out the possibilities (Leominster and Hereford are examples of such constituencies). However there is a snag involved: it is established Labour policy to fight every constituency. A further snag, as you may be aware, is that if there were any suggestion of such a truce it would be the final straw for the Labour Left. Foot would most probably resign. Kinnock would certainly resign. Even Benn might resign.

So I do not imagine that you will lightly consider such a measure. But the trouble is that the present deal tends inevitably to point people's minds in such directions. The longer the deal lasts, the more the Liberals must get. The more they get, the more they will need. The more their wishes are taken into account, the more rebellious the Left will become. That modest deal of 13 weeks ago, which seemed to have been so cheaply bought, has become the central obnoxious fact of British politics. It is clear that the only choice you had was to go to the country. You had been, in fact if not technically, defeated. You couldn't face the country at the time, and you thought you had found a way out. You took David Steel into a corner, and together you committed the Bish That Dare Not Speak Its Name. The problems of today are a direct consequence of that bish. Have a nice weekend.

Yours,

JAMES FENTON

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Phillip Whitehead

The Case for Holding On

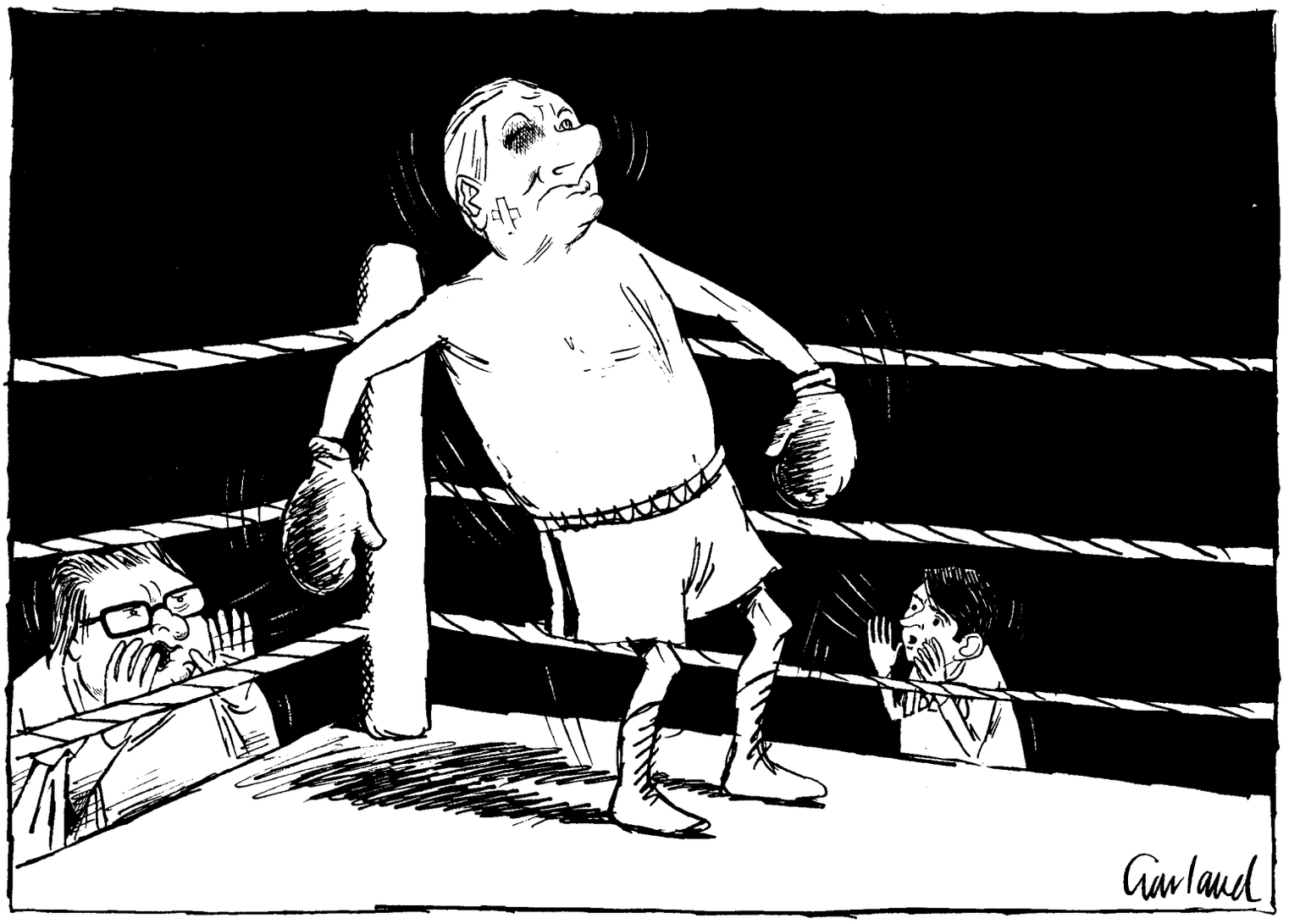
In politics those who say Enough is Enough always live to discover that it isn't. But Jim Callaghan had no alternative to the line he had to take at the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party on Tuesday. Although rumours of its demise were greatly exaggerated, last week his Administration seemed to falter. It can fall because it has not mastered the art of holding on, because its supporters do not recognise their minority status. No one knows how many spasms make a palsy.

Should it hold on? Are there more than kicks and ha'pence as reward? We can discount the Tory theorists like Ronald Butt who peddle the preposterous notion that whilst Conservative administrations can do a deal with the Liberals it is a constitutional outrage akin to tearing up the Magna Carta for Labour to do so. How quickly forgotten are the days when it was not the minority status of the Government and its 'impotence' but majority status and the brutalities of 'elective dictatorship' that so exercised our guardians of the constitution. They are important only in that they may come to be believed, that the Administration may droop into the tired posture of 1951, waiting for the end.

If there is a death wish it is in the subconscious. On the surface there is nothing more than a cavalier disregard for unseasonal parliamentary weather. Appropriately this was demonstrated last week, in different ways, by three Labour MPs from the fickle West Midlands. Audrey Wise and Jeff Rooker backed a Tory sequence of amendments, less drastic than their own, on the Finance Bill, snipped £450m. from the Chancellor's revenue margin, and said that was just for starters. Everyone loves a tax cut, and they will have their supporters in and outside the parliamentary party. But boasting that 'It seems that I've never been so popular' to the *Financial Times* hits some of their colleagues between the eyes as much as the sight of Brian Walden and John Mackintosh adorned with haloes after the evisceration of the Dock Work Regulation Bill affronted the older side of the party.

Discipline has no fears for them. With a minority in the House whips can cajole; they cannot chastise. Writing to constituency parties overlooks the fact (as with Walden and Mackintosh) that what was done was not exactly unpopular outside. The whip cannot be withdrawn. The party's Liaison Committee must confine itself to friendly persuasion, and if it beseeches them, in the bowels of Marx, to think it possible they may be mistaken, it may be rebuffed. Not least because nothing happened to rebels in the past. 'They'll crucify us,' Mr Brian Walden said, on the long night after the Dock Labour Bill. Not a nail was driven in. Instead Mr Walden has smartly removed himself from the scene, selling himself off like a political Mentmore to London Weekend Television. The electors of Ladywood will go unwillingly to the poll, whilst their ex-member stands by to analyse the result.

It is a bizarre end to what should have been a brilliant career. This wayward, gifted man seemed to me in my youth to bring to democratic socialism the power it needs most, the power of persuasion. No one who heard him analyse the Industrial Relations Bill to a full House of cowed Tories in 1971 will easily forget the experience. Its rarity adds to the savour. And now he is gone, to mouth the autocued platitudes of the researchers of *Weekend World*. The Government must face another by-election, with the evidence that what the voters like least is their MP leaving for a well-paid job else-



'Use your left!' *'Use your right!'*

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where. Whether this thought entered Mr Walden's head I know not. After Ashfield it should have done. His going may now set other MPs thinking in the same direction.

So too will the rebellions on the Finance Bill. Anybody can defeat his own government when it is in a minority. As backbenchers have become more independent, and whips less powerful, over the whole of the past 15 years it is no surprise that the temptation is there. The admiration of *Tribune* colleagues, an encomium from the Low Pay Unit (who have not calculated what those new allowances will do for the better-off), all this will set other minds moving in the same direction. I would be the last to disapprove the independence of backbenchers, but it is true that when a government is in a minority the rules change somewhat. It is simply not possible for the Government to survive if everyone takes the Rooker/Wise line, serenely asserting that come the next vote of confidence you will get back in line. Votes of confidence are won with majorities. They cannot be conjured up from the other parties to quench every flickering revolt.

Realisation of this means a certain self-denial as the point of departure. Self-denial in the cabinet as well. Just as the lads on the terraces take their cue from the stars on the field, so the PLP watches to see if the free vote on direct elections is an agreement to differ based on mutual respect or the start of a punch-up. The party can emerge as little scarred as by the Referendum campaign, or it can be fatally weakened. All the Thatcher's Kipling counts for nothing if the will is there to hold together.

Together with minority status many people in the Labour Party find it hard and painful to adjust to a defensive role in the wider public arguments now going on. A radical party itches for the offensive. The secret now is to combine the two. In the next Queen's Speech there will be direct elections, for which a formula has been found which holds the party together, and devolution, where it still eludes us, though separate bills for Scotland and Wales and referenda before they proceed to committee may be the answer. But there are other areas where advance is needed, and where nostrums that protect shadow rather than substance need not stand in the way. Industrial democracy, not necessarily limited to either single-channel formulae or the numerical limits set in Bullock, is central to the party's approach to industrial relations. Child benefits, reform of the Official Secrets legislation, overhaul of the law on conveyancing, the end of charitable status for the public schools; all were mentioned at Tuesday's PLP meeting and none present insuperable difficulties for an agreement with the Liberals.

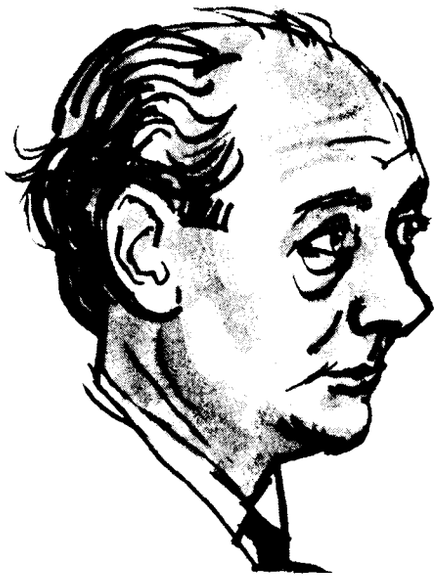
There is a good deal here to work on. Party members have only themselves to blame if they believe the line peddled in the Tory press about a supine government, in office but not in power, waiting for the oil to come ashore. What happens to the oil is important, because how it is used will illuminate as nothing else the opposed philosophies of Labour and the Tories. We have to use it as a power for industrial reinvigoration and social advance. That means holding the line against Thatcher and Joseph, who exist to make the world safe for Grunwick, and the Gouriets and Gorsts who abet its management.

We should remember 1951, and not let the cavilling and clamour in our own ranks develop into Armageddon by accident. No doubt if it came everyone would have a pat alibi. They would all look pretty thin when the history came to be written. Holding on may not be the policy which comes most easily to the temperament of the Labour Movement. But as Clem Attlee once remarked in another context, it is better than the alternative.

Mary Holland

Mr Lynch's Victory

I have been asked several times by English friends if Jack Lynch is a spoiled priest. The answer is no, he is not; but he knows better than any other Irish politician how to conduct himself in a priestly fashion in public. Mr Lynch is, in fact, a tough and agile politician who has already proved himself well able to put down threats from inside his own party and to resist, or at least manoeuvre his way around, pressure from outside. A sportswriter who had watched him play hurley once told me that, though he was always a clean player, he was also quite capable of inflicting the odd savage blow on an opponent, while at the same time rushing forward with horrified expressions of apology before the afflicted player had time to draw breath. His strength lay in his air of innocence and decent concern.



All this continues to be extremely irritating to his political opponents, not to mention the more flashy members of his own Fianna Fail Party. But it has played a large part in gaining for him what now seems to be an unassailable hold on the affections of the Irish people. They supported him because in this election they wanted someone who seemed unfrightening, accessible, safe. Jack Lynch combing the country for votes, reticent and slightly ill at ease in the middle of the pop song razzamatazz with which the Fianna Fail machine surrounded him, suited their needs wonderfully. On television afterwards, as his party roared its way towards a record majority and the number of votes given to him in his Cork constituency turned out to be the largest ever given to an Irish politician, he commented that it might be better if the Fianna Fail majority was smaller. It is true that the size of the overall majority may make it more difficult for him to control his party but this comment was also a brilliantly instinctive reaction to what was just at that very moment beginning to dawn on the appalled viewers – that having got rid of the Coalition Government, against all the odds, it was now beginning to look as though the alternative facing the country was a triumphalist Fianna Fail Government (and there is no party more prone to triumphalism) checked only by a weak and divided opposition.

It is a truism that last week's election was fought on the issues of inflation and unemployment and that Fianna Fail won because it promised a bigger and better bonanza to ameliorate both. But there were also other issues which worried the voters a great deal more than any of the pundits ever gave them credit for. This was to be seen most clearly in the startlingly high votes given to independent candidates, particularly to women candidates – to anyone, in fact, who seemed to be making a clear protest at the recent conduct of Irish politics.

In the past couple of years, but particularly since the murder of the British Ambassador to Dublin last summer, politics here has been soured by what can only be described as the bullying tone of the Government. This came in the first instance from the Premier, Liam Cosgrave, who derives his conservative attitudes and rigid repressive principles from his father; but it was taken up enthusiastically even by enlightened Labour Party Ministers – and I don't just mean Conor Cruise O'Brien. It has long been taken for granted that the public in the South is so frightened of the violence in the North that it is prepared to support any measures against the IRA which the government of the day thinks necessary. That is almost certainly true. But this election has shown that many people have also been profoundly disturbed by what seemed inseparable from Mr Cosgrave's view of national security – the erosion of civil liberties, attacks on the press when it attempted to investigate such issues as police brutality, the virtual emasculation of the Irish Television and Radio service to a complaisant arm of government, and most of all the snarling accusations that anyone from the President down

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who questioned the Government's measures was a dupe of the Provisional IRA. The two Ministers most associated with such tactics, Conor Cruise O'Brien and Patrick Cooney, lost their seats and Mr Cosgrave's own vote in his deeply loyal and conservative constituency was reduced.

Here, once again, people found something deeply reassuring in the contrast presented by the homely and modest demeanour of Jack Lynch. Whether his Administration will be characterised by a commitment to protect and advance civil liberties is more problematical. It has not been a noticeable characteristic of past Fianna Fail governments. But it is on the subject of Mr Lynch's attitudes to Northern Ireland that the biggest question mark still rests. Since his election victory, concern has been expressed by the British press about the ambiguities of Fianna Fail's policy on the North. The party is committed to pressing for a British declaration of intent to withdraw, though it is stressed that this would be in the context of an agreed political solution. The conventional wisdom is that Mr Lynch is not very happy with this policy and that it was forced on him by the Republican wing of his own party led by Charles Haughey. With Mr Lynch in unquestioned control of the party and Mr Haughey meekly agreeing with every word he says there is no real reason to fear that the new Government will be in any way soft on the IRA or less than cooperative about the North. Besides, this line of argument continues, everyone knows that the Irish people want to forget about the North and get on with the business of solving their economic problems. And, if you don't believe it, look at the trouncing they gave Conor Cruise O'Brien when he kept on about the issue.

All this ignores, however something rather important about Mr Lynch. It may be that his own instincts are not particularly Republican but his success as a politician is rooted in his unmatched skill at divining and acting on the feelings of the Irish people even before they have articulated them for themselves. All through his last period in government he had to synchronise his actions to the mood of an electorate that was extremely volatile about the North and he did so with amazing skill, ranging from emotional speeches about the plight of Catholics in the North to the introduction of some of the toughest anti-terrorist measures in the history of the state.

Mr Lynch knows that most Irish people are frightened by the North, horrified by the violence, regard all Northerners as alien and yet at some gut level want the aspiration to a United Ireland to be preserved. On the whole they find their own emotions on the subject to be complex and alarming and would infinitely prefer not to have to examine them too closely if at all possible. But they are aware that circumstances may sooner or later force Dublin into some basic decisions about the North. If, and when, that happens they want the making of such decisions to be in the hands of someone who seems to comprehend both their Nationalist sympathies and their fear that what is happening in the North could spread down here. They depend a great deal on Mr Lynch.

Dublin

Jake Poderelski

Reaching an Apex

Last week Len Murray said on television that it would be the pressure of public opinion which would make the Grunwick management take back the workers it had dismissed after they went on strike last August. After headlines like 'Pickets Jeer Blind Girl' (*Evening News*, 17 June) is this any more likely to happen? Apex must have hoped that the mass picketing would bring the ten-month long dispute back into the public eye. In the event, the issues have been largely lost under a welter of 'Picket Violence Fury Erupts' stories, while George Ward, the managing director, has been able to present himself to the media as the impartial spokesman of an anti-union workforce.

Since the strike began, Ward has used a stick and carrot policy to keep his remaining workforce. Two wage increases have brought the lowest gross starting pay from £23 to over £30 a week. Announcing the first across the board increase of £5 a week last autumn, Ward said that this was not a pay rise, but a way of saying 'thank you' to the loyal staff. Managers have been asked to try to be more courteous; before the strike, one worker said, they would even chase women out of the lavatory if they thought they were not working hard enough. Accompanying this was a toughness towards suspected strike sympathisers.

On Friday 10 June, three days before the mass picketing began, Ward held a staff meeting. Joyce Pitter, a West Indian woman who worked in the re-orders section, says that he called the staff 'heroes' and said that they were going to win. 'But *we* have no fight with these people, and he said *we* must fight *them*. We decided that he is putting us in to fight his battle.' Miss Pitter walked out the next Tuesday, after seeing that her friends had stayed away on Monday. If Grunwick wins its coming case against ACAS, the government conciliation service, and a court decides that only those who stayed on should be able to say if they want a union, then Joyce Pitter's action will have been futile and counter-productive. Every new defection will produce a more solidly anti-union workforce, as newcomers are taken on with reasonable pay, conditions and treatment from their managers.

Certainly, people going in to work have been frightened by the hundreds of pickets. The strike organisers face the danger that the mass picket will vindicate the hard-line anti-unionists among the staff. At worst, the mass picket could rally the workforce around an apparently protective management, and estrange the strikers from the trade union movement. There is little sign, however, of this latter danger – conference after conference has voted to back them in every possible way. Last week came the move Ward has dreaded: a fresh blacking of Grunwick mail by Cricklewood postal workers. He has said in the past that this could close the firm in a week. Grunwick will sue under the Post Office Act, but the strikers most fear Tom Jackson's hostility to such sympathetic action, which is still illegal. Last week, strike leaders were anxiously looking for pressure from the TUC leadership to make Jackson let the Cricklewood sorters have their head.

Police reaction to the mass picket has helped the strikers win practical support from trade unionists. On the first Monday, the mass of the 200-strong picket came from IS and other left groups, without identifying banners at the strikers' request. By last Friday the pickets had grown seven-fold, swollen not just by MPs but by unionists angry that police should cripple the picket through sweeping arrests. The sight of police going in for their 'elevenses' in a Grunwick canteen has not helped matters. But throughout the strike, Grunwick has enjoyed disturbingly cosy relations with the police. The security officer is an ex-policeman. Last year, eight pickets were arrested at the Chapter Road, Willesden plant. On appeal they were found to have been picketing peacefully, and costs were awarded against the police. A few months ago the chief of Willesden police at the time of those arrests, Chief Inspector Robert Johnson, retired at the age of 55. He was later regularly seen going into Grunwick, and police sources admitted that he had started work there as the new personnel manager. After Merlyn Rees announced an inquiry into police handling of the mass picket on 14 June the ratio of arrests to pickets went down – and that pattern has persisted, despite the controversial circumstances of Mrs Audrey Wise's arrest on Tuesday.

It might seem surprising that Apex should support a mass picket, a type of industrial action for which the law offers few safeguards. Apex is, after all, the union which voted last month to withdraw funds from the Labour Party as a protest against 'extremist infiltration'. But Grunwick, based in an immigrant area of high unemployment, represents a challenge no union could ignore. The strikers have gained crucial support even from such 'right-wingers' as Fred Mulley and Shirley Williams – and understandably so since the original working conditions at Grunwick seem to have been those of a 19th-century sweat-shop.

Workers who started with the firm in 1975 at £23 a week gross pay had only £1 a week rise before the strike blew up. The strike has shown how immigrant workers can resist exploitation: only last Friday a group of local Asian print workers was at the strike headquarters asking how to unionise. Union pressure has forced Ward to give unprecedented concessions to his remaining workers. But without a victory for the strikers, those gains may be short-lived. And simple justice demands that the 80 or so strikers who have stood on pickets for ten months in all weather, facing insecurity, the threat of arrest and management harassment, should share in the benefits they have brought their former colleagues.

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Hugh Thomas

Renaissance in Spain

Wednesday 15 June, friends of liberty should recognise without hesitation, whatever their political opinions, was a wonderful day in Spain and therefore in Europe. Some will have reservations about the electoral system, some will point out that the new Cortes will have to do much constitutional reform. Some will argue that the election day was just one more stepping stone between the death of Franco and the full confirmation of democracy, perhaps to be defined (eccentrically, some would say) by the expected municipal elections later this year. Many people will raise their eyebrows at some parts of the victors' campaign, and also at some of their candidates. But let us for the moment brush aside these niggling considerations.

An unknown man who had spent the preceding day, until four in the morning, at one of the polling stations – each party has its representatives at these election 'tables' – came up to me in the Calle del Prado on Thursday morning, 16 June, gave me a post-election embrace, and said that it had been a *verdadera maravilla*, a real marvel, to have seen how serenely the actual process of voting had been carried out. He repeated the words again and again, as if in a dream. A party representative at another election table in Madrid described how a Communist and a Falangist had shared a sandwich together. Despite the often ferocious character of the speeches during the campaign, election day itself passed with no major incidents, and only a few minor ones (late opening of certain election booths, shortage of election papers) in an atmosphere of real national reconciliation.

Stop, some will be saying who have long memories, cease this optimism, have we not experienced many false springs of freedom in Spain before? Did not democracy come in like a lamb in 1931, after Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, just as seems to be happening now, after a longer tyranny? Are not the political circumstances similar? Can we not now expect two years of centre-left government, followed by the inevitable victory of the centre-right, and then a further 'polarisation', as happenned after 1934? Are we not also seeing a repetition of that old rule whereby a strong central government is followed in Spain, during the political thaw, by an uncontainable revival of local patriotisms, above all in Catalonia and the Basque country, but also in other regions?

These historical analogies are unrewarding. Of course, Spain is in some ways the same country as it was before the civil war, and one legacy of Franco's dictatorship is to leave the Basque country, the one area which seemed in 1931 to have no social difficulties, in a state of near-civil war. But the differences between the situation in the 1930s and the present are greater than the similarities. The Church, for example, used to be regarded as backward-looking, whereas now it is thought of at least by the neo-fascist Right as being responsible for the revival of Marxism, for allowing, as one speaker of *Fuerza Nueva*, the most fascist of the right-wing organisations, put it in my hearing in a crowded cinema in north Madrid, 'allowing the red flag to fly again, that accursed flag which we pursued across the whole of Europe, with the Blue Division'.

The other differences include the fact that, though there are certainly anarchist-minded individuals, there is no large national anarchist organisation; that television and radio have brought even remote villages within reach of the national consensus; and that above all, probably, the reform movement of 1975-77 has been, whatever the popular basis for it (manifested in the high voting figures for both these elections and for the referendum of last December), managed from above – that is, by the King and his small circle of realistic advisers (his generous father, Don Juan, who could have caused some difficulties if he had wanted to; his old tutor, Torcuato Fernández Miranda; his Prime Minister, Adolfo Suárez; and his head of the armed forces during the period of transition, the silent and courageous General Gutierrez Mellado).

ELECTION RESULTS : MAIN PARTIES

Party	Seats	Votes	% of votes cast
Centre	165	6,057,797	33.98
Socialists	118	5,087,633	28.54
Communists	20	1,634,991	9.17
Popular Alliance	17	1,459,767	8.19
Independent Socialists (P.S.P.)	6	764,638	4.29

The above are seats in the lower house. The remaining 23 seats look like being decided thus: 9 Catalans; 8 Basque Nationalists; 2 Christian Democrat Catalans; 2 Independents; and 1 each for Basque and Catalan Left parties.

The King derives his power from his adoption by Franco as his heir as head of state, a fact which ensures that the army will be loyal unless driven to frenzy by some rash action: on the contrary, the King has been prudent, getting to know the leading officers well, giving a great deal of time to the army, enrolling his ten-year-old son in it already, constantly looking at new weapons and so on. The legalisation of the Communist Party, in April, it is true, distressed many senior officers and thus almost upset the programme; and certainly any concession by the Government to the idea of actual independence for either the Basque country or Catalonia (as opposed to autonomy) would be unacceptable. But how many really want that? Few, I should guess. Thus the King, whose judgment was so seriously questioned by nearly all foreign commentators (the NEW STATESMAN was an exception: see NS 28 November 1975) has, in the words of the new independent paper of Madrid *El País*, 'handed back power to the people'. An interesting list of 41 nominations for the Senate made by the King included that of Justino de Azcárate, for one day foreign minister of the Republic, two years a prisoner of Franco, and 35 years an exile: a real symbol of harmony.

Some will be saying that now that all is over – now that the flags have been furled, and the bullrings have returned to the bulls – things are much as they were: there is the same Prime Minister, whose government will turn out to be much the same as it was a month ago, the King and army are still really in control; and the other appurtenances of the strong Spanish centralised state remain, despite the window dressing of free elections. This would be to misread the picture. The elections have legitimised the reform programme, they have made Adolfo Suárez a major political personage in his own right (however much he depended on the King before) and, of course, the political parties have also been legitimised. The main parties are also stronger than they seemed likely to be a few months ago, and many small previously garrulous political movements have been shown to be powerless in electoral terms. The army and the police must have learnt a lot from the campaign: I have heard of one member of the *policía armada* confessing that he was going to vote Socialist.

Criticisms can be made about some of the details of the election. Many Spanish workers abroad could not vote properly. A number of extremist parties were refused permission to take part (though many of the persons excluded found a place in some other grouping). The census had its weaknesses. The election system was complicated and there was contained within it a bias towards rural areas and a bias against large cities, whose members represent more constituents than do those returned from rural areas. The distribution of seats within the provinces according to the mysterious law D'Hont exacerbates these unfairnesses.

All these things, and some others (for example, the relation of the great regions and the Centre), make it understandable that the majority of the newly elected Cortes will be looking for a further period (not too long, I hope) of constitutional reform, but no one should make this combination of factors a reason for rejecting the general honesty of the elections themselves.

A more serious criticism can be mounted against the way that Adolfo Suárez won the battle. His Centre alliance was put together over the last year in a loose manner, among people of diverse origins: Suárez himself let it be known, to begin with, that he was not going to stand: he would be a kind of supreme electoral returning officer. But he

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did stand in the end, as everyone thought he would and his personality was decisive in ensuring the Centre's victory. Yet, though he stood, he did not fight. He made one good television speech on 13 June, he gave a much publicised but wholly unpolitical interview to *Hola*, the illustrated paper with the largest circulation, he gave a de Gaulle-like press conference in Barcelona, and he arranged for millions of photographs of himself to be posted up in the streets of Spain. Light aeroplanes also dangled the message 'Vote Suárez, Vote Centre', over hill and dale. An election address from Suárez reached all voters – or was supposed to. A few of Suárez's lieutenants held calm, small meetings in discreet hotels without songs, banners, flags or slogans, with questions and answers. I went to one of these in my own hotel in Madrid. It was quite effective, determinedly unideological, practical, but more like a caucus of shareholders than a public assembly.

Brilliant Tactician

In contrast, all the other parties held huge mass meetings. Even small parties which in the end gained few or no seats secured tens, or even hundreds, of thousands of people at their gatherings (400,000 are supposed to have gone to the meeting organised on 12 June by the small Catalan left-wing party, the Esquerra; 300,000 to the communist 'picnic' in the rain outside Madrid on the same day). Tirelessly, the other leaders, flew back and forward across Spain, filled bull-rings, football grounds, theatres and cinemas everywhere from the Canary Isles to Bilbao. Perhaps, however, these huge meetings had a negative effect. The orators seemed to have picked up exactly where their predecessors in the election campaign of 1936 had left off. Perhaps they caused fear among the unconvinced as much as they gave enthusiasm to the party militants. True, Suárez's negligent approach seemed almost insulting to the politically active: could one really win an election with a photograph? Political leaders who fought the campaign in the old way might be forgiven if they thought that they were contesting a government defended not by arguments but by an agency for public relations. It was hard to learn anything definite about Suárez's (or indeed anyone else's) economic programme, which everyone of any sense knows will have to be severe. The Government seem to have kept recent records of the rate of inflation to themselves.

But it would be a mistake to attribute Suárez's success to public relations alone, as it would be to make too much of the number of women who voted for Suárez because he has the looks of a *torero*. The majority of those who voted for the Centre must have done so because they recognised that the skilfully managed programme of reform of Franco's institutions was the wisest course. The Socialist Party in contrast seemed to represent (but probably would not now in practice carry out) the idea of a complete break with the past, and a start on a new constitution, *tabula rasa*. Suárez, looks apart, has proved a brilliant tactician, subtle enough to appreciate that the country has a political memory long enough to be distrustful of saviours and of rhetoric too. The events of last winter showed the ease with which a few unrepresentative gunmen could shake the fragile political structure. The Socialists say that, had the election campaign been allowed to be longer, the political education of the people would have been more efficient, and they might have caught up the Centre in the polls. It is possible, but they probably underestimate the large number of people who desire democracy, certainly, but adventures, no; and think that, while Fraga and the Right sound as if they are primarily still mourning Franco, the Socialist policy sounds too vague, and the Communist one too good to be true.

The question, however, which people will want to know is what, apart from Suárez, *is* the Centre? That is not easy to answer. It is an alliance of parties, most of them new. The alliance itself may not hold together long – though one should not underestimate the consolidating effect of being in power. There are three main strands within the group: those who rose in the Sixties to places of power within the foothills of the Franco regime; those who carried out a certain amount of minor opposition activity; and those who were politically inactive till a short while ago. Of these, the last may be said to be represented by Joaquín Garrigues Walker, son of an ambassador from a known republican family, who in England would be thought of as a progressive conservative banker; the second group is represented by a group of Christian Democrats who split from the main body of their party (as it seemed to be before the elections, though that 'main body' has now been destroyed) and who, under the guidance of Fernando Alvarez Miranda, have often been seen at Christian Democratic meetings in Europe since the early 1960s.

Reconstructed Servants

Still, there can be no doubt that most of the Centre are, like Suárez, of the first group. They are reformed or, as the Spaniards would say more graphically, 'reconstructed' servants of the Franco regime. Suárez was the ideal man for the King to ask to dismantle the Francoist 'Movement', including the 'vertical sindicates', precisely because he was once minister in charge of the Movement, had risen within it, and hence knew it backwards. Suárez's No 4 on the list for Madrid, the able economist Fracisco Fernández Ordoñez, did, it is true, give a public lecture attacking Franco six months before his death; before that he had been President of the state development agency INI. Pío Cabanillas, elected for Orense, was Minister of Information in the first government after the murder of Carrero Blanco, and was sacked for what Franco believed to be an excessively, liberal interpretation of the press law; before that, he had been an undersecretary to Fraga in the Information Ministry in the Sixties. Ricardo de la Cierva, a historian who was elected a senator for Murcia, was an eulogistic biographer of Franco (and many other things) during the last years of the Franco regime, including, it must be said, a reasonably enlightened censor under Cabanillas. The head of the election list in Granada was an autocratic rector of the university, and in Barcelona a journalist who was for a long time associated with the regime, in whose army he entered that capital in 1939. Most of these people did the best that they could in interpreting Francoist laws in a liberal manner, but that they were men of the regime, not of the opposition, is undoubted.

Defences of Franco

This is thus a much less dramatic vote than might have been expected, but the Centre, in its heterogenerous nature, represents evidently the views of a great many people who, like the parliamentary candidates themselves, made the best of things over the last 40 years, did nothing dramatic, naturally collaborated with the regime in the Franco days, and now hope Spanish society can be gently converted into something more open, tolerant and European. (I hope they are not disappointed, when they find out what the rest of Europe is really like.)

The leaders of the Centre infuriate, above all, the leaders of the Popular Alliance who, as ministers under Franco, were, in many cases, the men who gave the present government their first legs up the ladder. The Alliance did not do well, despite good organisation and what must have been heavy expenditure. The reason for their failure was: the desire of the majority to reject the Franco regime, of whom the *Siete magnificos*, the leaders of the Alliance, were the visible manifestation; the desire to escape the apocalyptic approach of many of the Alliance's speakers, who claimed that only they could save Spain from Marxism; and a distrust of the public presentation of Fraga, the leader of the Alliance.

Fraga was the outstanding man among the later generation of Franco's ministers, presiding over the Ministry of Information and Tourism when the Spanish tourist boom began, and subsequently being ambassador to London, and Minister of the Interior in the King's first Government. He is a man whom not even his enemies would suggest made money out of his ministerial position (important, since many charges of corruption in the past are being made) and he was sacked by Franco for letting the press in Spain speak about the Matesa scandal in 1969. He is hard-working, tough, efficient, just the man, it might be thought, to get a slow-moving bureaucracy going. Still, he failed in this election. First of all, many of his colleagues made astonishingly candid defences of the Franco regime – the speeches by Arias Navarro, López Rodo and others in favour of Franco were in some ways the most remarkable in this election. It is far too early for that sort of historical revisionism to be in any way welcome (if it ever becomes so). Secondly, a lot of the hangers-on of the Alliance regularly used the fascist salute at meetings, and, even if that does not carry in Spain the completely unacceptable stigma that it does north of the Pyrenees, it at the very least caused suspicion about Fraga's self-confessed ambition to create a 'liberal Conservative Party'. Finally, the election campaign, short and intense, tended to focus more and more round the leaders, and Fraga's alarmingly Napoleonic figure and aura of man of destiny, with limitless ambitions, seemed out of tune in a country which has now

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been applauding opposite qualities: such as the agility of Suárez and the reticence of the King. Fraga with his uncompromising bluntness, his provocative remarks to the press, ceaseless activity, and easily rhymed name made him a target for a campaign by the Left, which may not have helped them much, but surely helped the Centre.

The Centre won, but the Socialist Party (PSOE, the old *Partido Socialista de Obreros Españoles* founded in 1879 by Pablo Iglesias) claimed a moral victory. Given the uncertainty about the cohesiveness of the Centre, the Socialists argue that they are the major coherent political force in the country. They outdistanced the Communists by a large margin, though their machine was less efficient than that of the Communists, and though they held fewer meetings than did the Communists. The reason for the Socialist success is easy to explain. The party has strong roots, despite its divided reaction to the civil war. The old faith of elderly people in what had been for a long time a great democratic Socialist Party was re-awakened. Young people were invigorated by the dynamic leadership of Felipe González. Middle-aged voters, meantime, who had sat waiting for change for years were inspired by the use of that word above all in the propaganda, despite considerable vagueness about the actual programme.

This Socialist Party had a confused history during the Franco years. For a long time, the heir to the last Socialist prime minister as secretary-general of the party, was Rudolfo Llopis, a minister of the Republic, who tried to keep his hold on the future from Toulouse. It was obviously in his interest to keep the Socialists of the interior divided. Felipe González, a young Andalusian lawyer who had been for a time attracted to left-wing Christian Democracy, eventually became the new leader, as a compromise candidate between the strongly left-wing, near-Marxist Madrid group of Socialists (Pablo Castellano, now elected for Cáceres; Gregorio Peces Barba, elected for Valladolid) and the right-wing Social Democrats (for example, Enrique Múgica, a Basque ex-communist anti-communist, elected for Guipúzcoa). 'Felipe' siezed his opportunity, was particularly good at manoeuvring around his rivals, charmed his way into friendship with other European socialists (particularly Brandt, but also Mitterand, and Olof Palme), and showed himself during the year of transition, a most accomplished orator. This last quality has been greatly developed during the campaign, but, unlike all the other successful candidates, he has been almost as good on television as in the bullring. Thus the campaign was a personal success for 'Hurricane Felipe', the description of him in *Cambio 16*, the most successful of Spanish weekly papers during the last few years. His campaign was personalised, sometimes demagogic, but he must have gained a great many votes on his personality. He travelled far: the day that I heard him speak in the bullring at Guadalajara he had spoken earlier at Santander, and would speak that night at Córdoba. Felipe González has an attractive Andalusian voice, a gift for words based (according to himself) on continual re-reading of Don Quixote, and does not seem to worry about ideology. Where does he stand, therefore? In the centre, of course. He is the son of a man who came down from the north of Spain to Seville to look after the cattle owned by a famous bullfighter of the Thirties killed in the civil war.

As the major party of opposition, the Socialists will now have to define their policies much more carefully than they did during the election. The arguments between Left and Right may become acute now that power may be within their reach. There is a strong tradition of republicanism in the party, one which has not disappeared, and which may lead some into endless constitutional disputes in the future. What part, if any, one wonders, will be played in the evolution of the party by their outside backers in the campaign, such as the German socialists and, as I understand, Democratic Action, Betancourt's party in Venezuela? It is uncertain. What is certain, however, is that, apart from Felipe González and Múgica, most of the well known Socialists in Spain are more on the Left of the party than on the Right.

The Socialist Party will presumably be seeking to develop further their old labour union, the UGT, which now has many fewer members than the Communists' *comisiones obreras*. With considerably less than 10 per cent of the Spanish labour force engaged in any union at all, there is plenty of scope for expansion, particularly when the Government will presumably be wanting to get the support of such labour organisations as there are for its economic programme.

The future ideology of Spanish socialism is not clear. Felipe González talked of

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French socialism, German and Swedish socialism with approval (though not, that I heard, our own English brand of bureaucratic opportunism). But there does not seem much doubt about the Spanish Communist Party. It has sought respectability by putting forward the most beguiling of Euro-communist policies. A monarchy? Why not, if the people want it. The Church? What an illusion to think that the Communists were ever against Christianity! Santiago Carrillo, in his recent book, *Eurocommunismo y el estado*, criticises Lenin as well as Stalin, has a word or two for Trotsky, and insists that communism spells democracy. Ramón Tamames, the brilliant economist who also addresses mass meetings well, who last year had a novel as well as a work of politics at the same time on the best-seller lists, and who may be Carrillo's successor as secretary-general (though he just failed to get a seat in the Cortes for Madrid) seems to argue, in his most recent writing, that political freedom necessitates economic freedom too. (Attention, Sir Keith Joseph!).

At a local level, the Communists regard themselves as the responsible element on the Left. A young bookseller who drove me across the Alpujarras from Granada to the first communist meeting in Motril for 40 years told me that he had become a communist at university largely because all the other students on the Left (and to be anti-Franco meant that you were on the Left, automatically) thought hard work and culture merely bourgeois.

The Communists regard their place as No 3 on the list of parties as being a victory – above all because they beat Fraga. Well organised though they were for many years, with a remarkable record of endurance in the face of persecution, the Party was only legalised at Easter. Their strength seemed to me during the campaign to be likely to be greater than turned out to be the case, but perhaps I underestimated the extent to which many of their candidates seemed men of the old days: Carrillo had 37 years of exile, and is associated in the public mind with the civil war in a number of complicated ways. Well known Communists of the past such as La Pasionaria and the poet Alberti returned to Spain so recently as not to be on the census for voting, though they were able to stand – and win. Rumour has it in Asturias that Wenceslao Roces, another octogenarian Communist, known as Under Secretary for Education during the civil war and as a translator of Marx, and who came back to stand as a senator for Asturias, had in his pocket a return ticket to Mexico, where he has been living since 1939. He was elected and so will not use the ticket. Equally, some of the Communists who have been in Spain for the last generation (Marcelino Camacho, Simón Sánchez Montero, Ramón Ormazábal in the Basque country) also present a rather elderly picture, if considered together. This must have told against them, since Spain is a youthful country by European standards (two thirds of the population are under 40), in which some of the best contributions are being made, after a generation of rule by old generals, by young men: the King is 39, Suárez is 44, Felipe González is 35, the editor of *El País*, the best newspaper in Madrid (Juan Luis Cebrián), 32. Spain is an old country with at last a new promise. Despite the severity of its economic problems, there is no country in Europe where the sense of optimism is so great.

This self-confidence will be tested immediately by the problems of Catalonia and the Basque country. But though this judgment will be contested by both Catalans and Basques, the vote in both places seems to have been more cautious than might have been supposed likely. True, in the four Catalan provinces, the Centre gained only nine seats (out of 47) and Fraga's party only one. Nevertheless, the surprise of the election was that the Socialists, who had never done well in the past in Catalonia, gained 15 seats (probably mostly from votes from Andalusian immigrants), while the Communists gained eight, against the explicitly Catalanist parties' ten. Both Socialists and Communists of course, play the Catalan game in Catalonia and their representatives support the restoration of the local autonomy statute abolished by Franco, but I do not believe that they want to go any further. In the four Basque provinces (including Navarre), the Nationalists only did really well in two of them. Overall, the Socialists and the Nationalists each gained nine seats in the Basque provinces, the Centre six, and Fraga one. My estimate is that these votes are both votes for the negotiation of revived autonomy. It should not be impossible for Suárez to ensure this by another six months of sustained negotiation which is, of course, his greatest skill.

William Hall

Protecting the Past

Such is progress: no more than a morning's work can bulldoze away centuries of history. The number of archaeological sites destroyed each year is impossible to assess. But there's little doubt the losses can be measured in hundreds. The corduroy cadres of archaeologists have been screaming 'crisis' for some years now, exhorting the government to produce stronger legislation to protect sites. For their part, the Department of the Environment have taken three years to publish a 'consultative document'. They expect to have a draft bill prepared for the beginning of the next session, but even if that target were met, it would still have to win parliamentary time. Most archaeologists, therefore, remain sceptical.

Any delays will cost dear. A report by the Council for British Archaeology estimated that the most important urban deposits would be completely destroyed within 20 years. That was five years ago, and since then nothing has been done. Rural sites are equally at risk. Nearly two thirds of the Roman earthworks in Cornwall have been destroyed, mainly by the so-called 'normal processes of agriculture'. To take another case, one eighth of the land surface of Northamptonshire is being removed for ironstone mining, with obvious consequences for archaeology.

The legislation at present available to counter these threats is full of holes. For flattening a scheduled ancient monument, a long barrow say, the maximum fine would be £100. Equally outmoded is the provision that even on an important scheduled site, archaeologists still rely wholly on the goodwill of the owner for permission to excavate. In many ways, the weakness of current legislation lies in its application. For example, the Roman Town at Alcester in Warwickshire is one of the best preserved in the country, and accordingly was given statutory protection as a scheduled ancient monument in the early Sixties. A paper suit of armour this, for a few years later, 14 acres were taken for speculative housing. In 1975, the district council gave planning permission for the development of a further six acres, though after much local and national pressure, the Department of the Environment rescinded the decision. Even so, many sites are not even afforded the flaccid protection of scheduling. Just over nine tenths of all known sites in County Durham are without statutory protection. In part, the blame must lie with the Ancient Monuments board which in one case took seven years to schedule a site. The board tend to reflect the ill-defined policy of the government, uncertain whether to schedule everything, or just a few notable sites.

The proposals published by the Government, and upon which they asked interested bodies to comment by the first part of this month, provide for some welcome changes. Most notable is the idea of designating areas of archaeological importance, mainly in historic towns, though also in the countryside. In these areas,

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archaeologists would have both the statutory right of entry to any new development, and the right to excavate for four months. However, the proposal, well-intentioned though it is, has its idiosyncracies. Some archaeologists argue that four months is too short a time to work on difficult sites in the centre of cities. Others maintain that because of the obstinacy or indifference of some local councils, it would take ten years to establish an adequate network of designated areas.

It must not be assumed either that such areas would be inviolate. Statutory undertakings, such as the National Coal Board or the British Gas Corporation, still have powers to override much planning legislation. It is possible, for example, for British Gas to drive a pipeline through Hadrian's Wall. Of great concern, too, is the proposal that landowners would have the right to demand compensation for any damage caused by excavations in designated areas. Many archaeological units, with precious little money to risk, would therefore be deterred from carrying out rescue digs. In their submission to the Government, the Council for British Archaeology made it clear that, because of this, 'archaeological investigation in designated areas would from the beginning be a dead letter'.

There's been less hesitant support for many of the other proposals. A scheduled monument would, for example, be registered as a local land charge, and the owners would need government consent to carry out any work which might, even incidentally, affect it. Powers would be taken to buy sites compulsorily, an expensive business this, a fact that has deterred governments in the past. There would also be much stiffer fines, particularly on the increasing use of metal detectors. Their effectiveness, though, would depend on enforcement and, inevitably, money. At present, the Ancient Monument Inspectorate are overstretched, and this has led to demands for the introduction of fieldwardens. As the director of the CBA, Henry Cleere put it: 'You can only protect ancient monuments to the extent that you can police them.'

The consultative document, in part because of its nature, goes little way towards defining a national policy towards archaeology. The lack of such a clear approach is reflected in the patchwork of local archaeological units established throughout the country. Excellent though they may be, there are many areas of great need without such professional bodies. Those that do exist, as in Oxfordshire for example, are given grants to carry out specific excavations and no more. Many highly professional staff are therefore employed on short-term contracts, and with the decline in the real value of grants, are facing redundancy. The establishment of the National Excavation Unit has only added to the confusion. They're intending to excavate Brancaster, a Saxon shore fort in Norfolk, a project for which the local unit have already been refused a grant. In the view of many archaeologists, the Government needs to rethink its strategy radically, and set up a complete network of regionally based archaeological units funded by central government. Only then would our heritage be adequately protected.

Alex Finer

Pot Luck

Nearly ten years ago, *The Times* ran a notorious full-page advertisement signed by a star-studded cast of liberal trendies arguing for the decriminalisation of cannabis in Britain. When Chris Chrysostomou of South London was arrested recently for possession of a quarter-ounce of cannabis, he still risked up to six months in prison and a £400 fine. For such are the current maximum penalties for possession of a Class B drug under the Misuse of Drugs Act, 1971; and, indeed, more than 500 people went to jail for the offence last year.

What actually happened to Mr Chrysostomou might have led him to believe in fairies if not liberal trendies. The Metropolitan police not only decided to present no case against him in court but also allowed him to collect his quarter-ounce of cannabis from Earlsfield police station. Mr Chrysostomou was one of the first to benefit from a largely unnoticed decision by the Court of Appeal last January. For reasons that will become apparent later, he may also be the last to be given his dope back by police. But the Court of Appeal decision has caused temporary chaos to police prosecutions for possession of cannabis, ensured legal consideration of the issue by the House of Lords, created a major legislative headache for the Government and given the biggest boost to the pro-pot lobby since the days of swinging London in the late 1960s.

The campaign to reduce penalties for private use of cannabis is suddenly back in business. The drugs welfare agency, Release, and some sympathetic peers have already begun a strenuous fight to amend the present Criminal Law Bill by removing the possibility of prison sentences for minor cannabis offences. There are also grandiose plans to commemorate the tenth anniversary of *The Times* advertisement on 24 July 1967 which first called for the sharp reduction of fines to roughly the level of a parking offence.

From what happened – or rather didn't happen – to Mr Chrysostomou in the wake of the Court of Appeal decision, it might appear that judges have already decriminalised cannabis. But in fact Lord Chief Justice Widgery, Mr Justice Slynn and Mr Justice Forbes established a much more limited legal point. They had ruled in the case of a Mr Kevin Goodchild that, in order to convict someone for possession of cannabis, it must be proved that the material was part of the 'flowering or fruiting tops' of a cannabis plant as quaintly referred to in the Act.

What Mr Goodchild and Mr Chrysostomou each had in their possession – and what many pot-smokers regularly inhale – was the considerably weaker leaves of the cannabis plant. It had taken five years of contested cases in magistrates courts before the Court of Appeal arrived at the obvious, but nonetheless revolutionary, conclusion that it was botanical nonsense to pretend that a leaf was a flower. In February the Court of Appeal pursued its logical train of thought by declaring in another case that cannabis seeds, like leaves and stalks, simply cannot be included in any definition of 'flowering or fruiting tops' and, by implication, were legal.

The police had been caught on the hop. Prosecutions were halted, charges dropped and, in the confusion, Mr Chrysostomou was given his leaves back. A botanical test was hastily added to police laboratory procedures which had previously only involved a chemical test to establish the presence of the drug's main active ingredient, THC. The Home Office even announced that it was prepared to re-examine past convictions – although it remains hard to see how a wrongfully convicted defendant could today demonstrate that he had been in possession of leaf cannabis at a time before the police started to conduct botanical tests.

Prosecuting authorities, led by the DPP, have also now tried to close the glaring cannabis loophole. Mr Goodchild had won acquittal on the Class B charge of 'possession of cannabis' at the Court of Appeal. But he has now been prosecuted for a second time for the same cannabis. This time the charge was possession of a 'preparation or product containing a cannabinol derivative' which, like heroin, falls under Class A of the Misuse of Drugs Act and carries a maximum seven year sentence. He was duly convicted at Portsmouth Crown Court on the grounds that cannabis leaf does contain the cannabinol derivative, THC.

What the Court of Appeal judges will shortly have to decide when Mr Goodchild appears before them once again is whether a leaf can in common sense be described as a 'preparation or product'. And was it really Parliament's intention to create a sentence 14 times as severe for leaves as that for the much stronger 'flowering or fruiting tops'? The prosecution which had argued that leaves were 'flowering or fruiting tops' and constituted a Class B offence will now face the difficult task of arguing that the more serious Class A offence was intended as a 'catch-all' to cover the weaker parts of the plant.

Either way, it seems certain that the House of Lords will have to ponder the issues judicially later in the year. For if Mr Goodchild loses his Class A appeal before the Court of Appeal, he will take the case to the House of Lords. If he wins for a second time at the Court of Appeal, then the prosecution will appeal the first Class B decision to the House of Lords.

The entire matter could, of course, be resolved by the Government if it chose to amend the wording of the Class B offence in the Misuse of Drugs Act. But such an amendment to the main body of the Act would require parliamentary time. It would also, incidentally, break step with the United Nations Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs on which our domestic legislation is based and in which cannabis leaves are specifically excluded from the definition of cannabis. The Government has decided to wait, perhaps hoping that the Law Lords will reimpose *Alice in Wonderland* logic and the status quo.

In the meantime the Government has been struggling to maintain its own pro-

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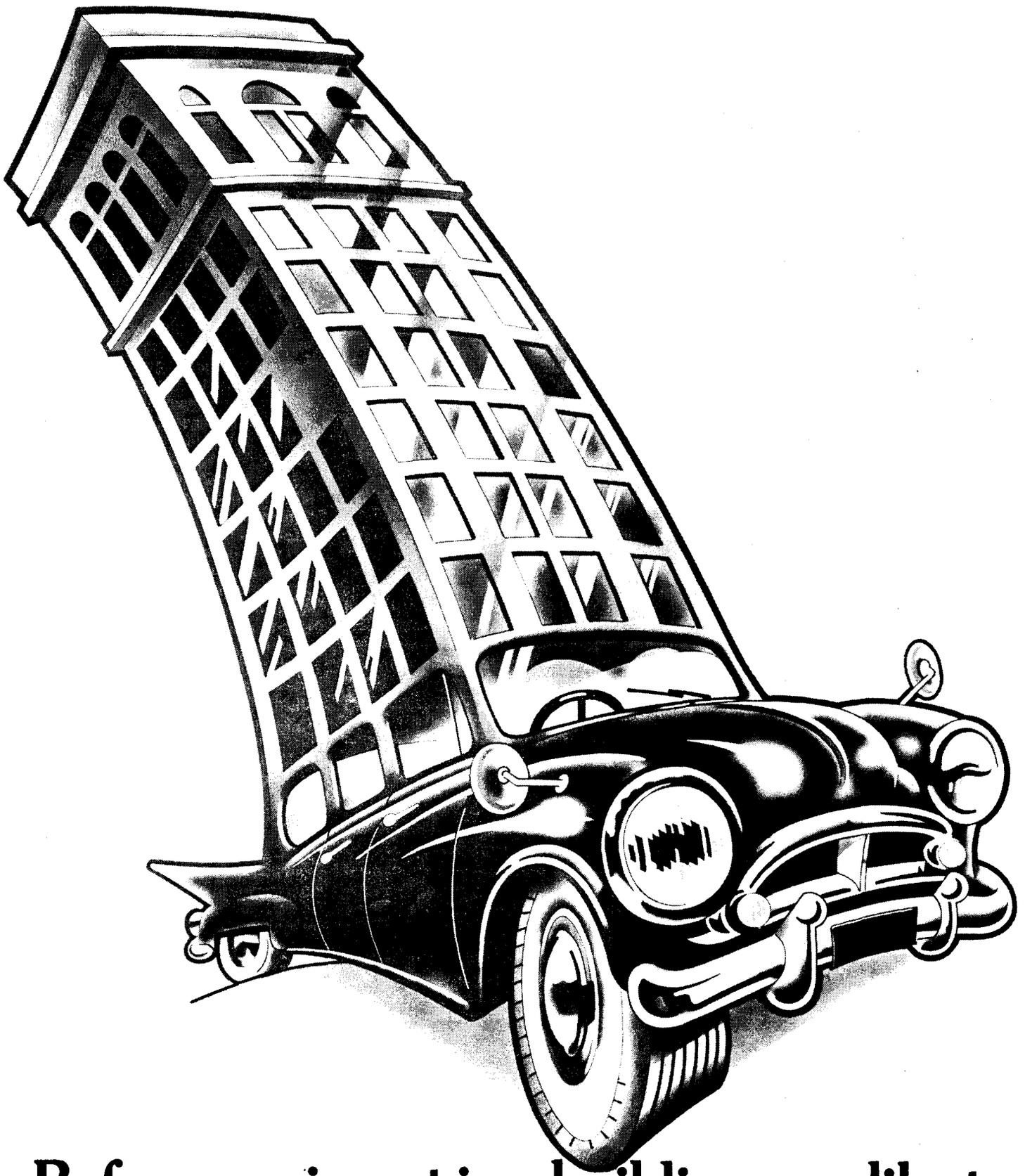

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posed new penal provisions for cannabis in the Criminal Law Bill. These reduce the maximum jail term for the Class B offence from six months to three months and significantly fail to keep pace with inflation by raising the maximum fine from £400 to just £500. An amendment to remove all powers to imprison was introduced by Lord Gifford at Report Stage in the Lords and gained the vocal support of Lord Avebury, Lady Wootton, Lady Macleod and Lord Janner among others. Lord Boothby took the opportunity to declare: 'I have smoked cannabis and I found it had absolutely no effect whatsoever, to my great disappointment.' The amendment was narrowly defeated by 83 votes to 77, a Government majority of just six.

The Government's argument, given by Lord Harris, was that an anomaly would arise if prison sentences were removed for Class B drugs while they remained for less serious Class C drugs. He also said that the power to imprison should be retained for someone repeatedly convicted of a Class B offence. When both objections were met in further amendments at Third Reading, Lord Harris changed tack to declare that it would not be right to reach a decision without the views of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs.

By the time the Home Secretary moved the Second Reading of the Bill in the Commons, the Council on the Misuse of Drugs *had* recommended that imprisonment should no longer be a penalty for those convicted of possession of cannabis if they were first-time drug offenders. So the Government chose to change tack once again and the Home Secretary declared: 'We do not think it could be right to make changes . . . without adequate evidence that the case for changes has been fully made out.'

Dr Sam Hutt, one of the original signatories to *The Times* advertisement ten years ago, has said: 'All the research that has been done since the ad appeared vindicates what we were saying then.' The main thrust of that advertisement, however, was summed up in its headline, 'the law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice'. Ten years on, Parliament, courts and the police all unwittingly confirm the message. And Release, itself founded after the appearance of the advertisement, now has a better opportunity as well as the necessary evidence from America and Britain to push the point home.

Elgy Gillespie

Snowed Under in La Paz

In the case of Bolivia's largest prison, San Pedro, the road of excess leads straight to the palace of, well, more excess. At first glance it looks like a Neapolitan bordello; at second glance like the Marshalsea or one of those other hospitable Regency establishments for insolvent aristocrats. The only prison-like sensation is yielded by the flurry of getting in. Having braved the gateway of the huge caramel-coloured mass in central La Paz, you jostle for your visitor's pin in a crowd of *cholitas* or bowler-hatted Aymara women, carrying babies in striped shawls on their backs and large cargoes of groceries. One by one you edge into the women's frisking bay. It is never very nice to be searched, though I'm used to it.

Once past – and this may take some time, since a rapidograph pen can be mistaken for a new way of shooting up and a bottle of contact lens cleaner might be something worse – you find yourself in a bosky courtyard. Milling about are the prisoners, shouting playfully and looning around and trying to flog you jeans-stickers in the shape of lewd tongues. 'Y'all come back hee-yah, unnerstan' ' bawls a *gringo* internee as you head off to the 'cells'. For all the world they could be panhandling in the East Village of New York in the good old days.

Some 400 are Bolivian, well sprinkled with Columbians and Uruguayans – the continent's most frequent 'heads'. Twenty-six are Americans, three are Canadians, while Australia, France, Austria and Switzerland have each produced one detainee. One very disturbed Italian and one rudely healthy and cheery Londoner, Francis Jackson, make up Bolivia's takings for narcotics offences since their prison penalties first came in over three years ago. Apart from the Italian, there are no signs of mental strain or illness. Francis has served the longest time, at three years three months; an attempt to prove that he had TB brought the doctor's regretful comment that Francis was one of the healthiest people he'd ever seen. The government's daily ten pesos (30p) allowance per head goes on two bowls of gruel; but these are often ignored in favour of what comes in via friends and relatives. Francis is even developing a slight tummy as a result of the British Women's Association and their copious baskets of nosh.

The toilets may not be up to much, but the rooms compare favourably with most cheap South American hotels. Doors are never locked; the police knock before entering; room rental is modest and most of the prisoners have fixed up their little palaces with compact kitchenettes and catholic libraries of paperbacks and the latest cassettes. Popular reading is *High Times*, an American glossy for drug enthusiasts which features articles about what to do if you 'perforate your schnozzle with cocaine-sniffing'. For laughs they read an Australian newspaper account of San Pedro entitled 'Eight Months In a Hell Hole'.

And four nights a year, including Bolivia's 'National Day of the Prisoners', they are allowed to invite a woman to stay. On other nights it costs $50 – which few *gringos* can muster. 'And I wouldn't touch those Chilean hookers in here,' said one, 'they're all on the police payroll.' Some have girlfriends languishing in the female detention centre, a suburban convent that is altogether a different kettle of llamas: nuns are not bribable.

But a good night in a boozer for an inmate of San Pedro is around $150. Bottles of black market Johnny Walker? No problem. Cocaine, marihuana, mandraxes or mogadons? Easier to get here than anywhere else – it comes in with the food. Guns? A bit dearer, but possible. Francis survived five days at large in Bolivia on a business-trip with his engineer boss back in 1973, before an argument with a taxi-driver that culminated in his firing a pistol and being caught in possession of one gram of cocaine. He claims he never took it before. 'I won't answer for since, mind you. But I will say this; San Pedro has done me a lot of good – I used to have a real drinking problem.'

Francis considers San Pedro a hundred times more humane than a British prison – to have your kids to stay for a week doesn't even require bribes. But, of course, this manic jollity does not mean that prisoners aren't bored, frustrated, tense and even desperate in their aimlessness. For there they stay. Bolivian law is rococo in its elaborations. The offenders have been charged under a 1973 Narcotics law that was drafted with help from a member of the US Department of Justice. Anxious to prove their gravity of intent, Bolivians made the minimum penalty for possession ten years. Last Christmas, ironically under the same kind of indirect pressure from the Americans which eventually produced the first law, the penalty was reduced to a minimum two and a maximum eight years. Most of the prisoners would have paid fines for minor possession and never gone inside, under US law. But here charging a prisoner can take up to two months and a trial over two years. Some of the prisoners have seen their trials deferred 30 times – 'the judge didn't show up after lunch, the lawyer was out sick or something.'

For a quarter of a century the *gringos* have been griping about cocaine production in Bolivia; for 30 centuries before that the Indians of the Andes have been peacefully chewing Coca leaves – each containing from 0.05 to 0.10 gms of the active principle, Cocaine.

Ignorant *gringos* condemned the Coca leaf itself – which to the Bolivian-in-the-street makes about as much sense as prohibition would to a Dublin docker or outlawing tea would to a British housewife. He is used to drinking Coca tea when he has a tummy-ache or whenever he suffers from *soroche* or the altitude sickness of the Andes. Under sustained US pressure, his cup of Coca is being gradually circumscribed. A narcotics division has emerged, equipped on $1m. and working hand-in-hand with an American-staffed branch of the Drug Enforcement Agency; drug-carriers – though none of great importance – were imprisoned and 44 'factories' uncovered. The latest move to curtail the 12 to 20 tons of illegal cocaine sneaking out of the country every year is the Coca Crop Substitution Programme. For this, $4.2m is going on an initial survey of Coca cultivation in the sub-tropical Eastern slopes of

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the Andes. A register of all Coca-growing *campesinos* and the amounts grown there has just swung underway.

And then, all of a sudden, the *gringos* are complaining about illiberal drug laws! No wonder the girl in the *campesino* promotion office snapped 'Coca isn't our problem, coca is *your* problem, *gringa*.' But there can be absolutely no doubt about the seriousness of Bolivia's official intentions against cocaine. For one thing, there is too much at stake – about $45m. in fact. A rough guess puts the Coca crop at around 25,000 tons at the moment.

Having counted up all the hectares of Coca, project workers will then subtract the amount legally sold in the markets for chewing or tea-drinking at 80 pesos a kilo, plus what small portion goes to flavouring Coca-Cola and the drug firms legally. If – as they suspect – from 50-75 per cent is going to the simple cocaine factories that flourish in increasing numbers around the country, they will move into phase two. This will mean trying to find a crop that is as sturdy, as easy to care for, as prolific and as profitable as Erythroxylum Coca: no easy task. At the moment the favourites are coffee and strawberries, because both can be terraced like the Coca bush, both are labour intensive and both fetch quite a high price, though not as high as Coca – which gets 50 pesos a kilo for the farmer. Interest-free loans to change over have not so far had much effect.

The programme organisers will then spend $45m. from the US and $20m. of Bolivian money in making the *campesinos* an offer they can't refuse. Privately many of those involved, Americans and Bolivians alike, wonder if they ever really can. At a mandatory meeting of campesino leaders organised by the Coca registration project last month, several hundred Indians assembled in a school hall to hear the Minister for Agriculture, the chief of Narcotics and the head of the programme telling them why they should cooperate.

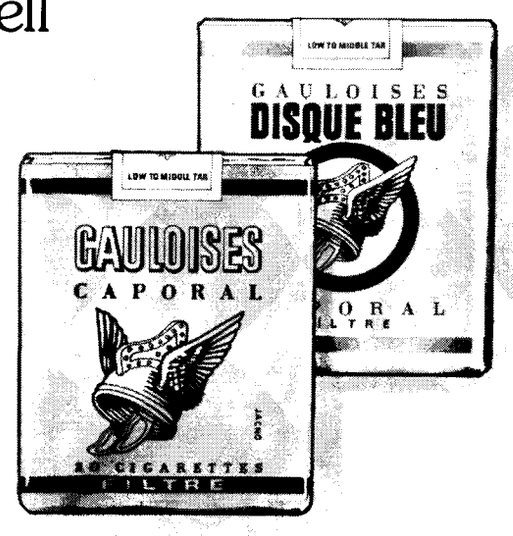
Small, silent and sturdy as the Coca bushes, they stood absolutely immobile in front of a hideous religious fresco. Most of them were Aymara, but some – from Chicaloma – are descended from black sugar plantation slaves and are at least half a foot taller. All were tired, having walked all the previous day to the nearest village and spent a night standing in open lorries. The speeches were clever. 'Brother *campesinos*, foreign countries are suffering from Cocaine and they are saying that Bolivia promotes the use of Cocaine. We need figures to show that we aren't and a gradual change to other crops. We won't burn it; though traffickers and politics tell you we will.'

In mistrusting silence they listened, then clapped politely. At the end of it all an old, better-dressed Indian said *'Una palabra, por favor'*. The speakers conceded; he was the campesino coordinator for the Jungas – the valleys that fan out eastwards of the Cordillera and where Coca is strongest. In tone, his speech was the opposite. 'Our sacred leaf' he called it, and asked 'how else would we have fought the Chaco War against the Paraguayans without chewing the leaf?' He was not disagreeing with the speakers; he was merely asserting that nobody was going to burn the Coca and eradicate the crop for the sake of $45m. and other peoples' problems. Relief was a thing you could touch in the hall. 'Viva!' cried the listeners, standing and waving their hats. The traffickers, went on the co-ordinator, should get the death penalty for besmirching Bolivia's name. 'Viva! Viva!' cried the audience.

So Bolivia will not be another Mexico or Thailand. And whatever is substituted will clearly only be planted with the grudging cooperation of the farmers. But as more and more 'factories' are discovered in kerosene tins planted in lonely places, as more traffickers and foolish 'minor possessions' wind up in San Pedro, the nearer all those millions of dollars are wafted to Bolivia.

A new model prison, vague but Utopian, hovers at the horizon of future government hopes. Travellers, take heed: Francis Jackson has now served a year and a quarter more than his sentence and will not get out until he pays a $500 fine that the Embassy, for all their care and concern, feel under no obligation to pay. And while Cocaine is anything from £35 upwards per low-grade gram on London streets and $120 in New York, here it will be the small-time offenders and in all probability the *campesinos* that pay. 'Remember to tell them,' the Narcotics Chief told me 'that we're doing all this for you, the foreigners.'

Gauloises filter or Disque Bleu. No speak French? **You no speak French?** And me no speak French either madam! Me English, me want velly much Flench flag smokum. **Alright.** Alright. Agreed. A complete misunderstanding. Quite. Now, may I please have a packet of Gauloises filter. Ah. Well that's G for George, A for Apple, U for Useless, L for Leather, ha! O for Oscar Goldman...



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London Diary

☐ When you read this, something may be known about President Amin's whereabouts – at least whether he is above or below ground. When his disappearance was reported this week, it was interesting to talk to a Ugandan colleague who strongly disagreed with the NS's line on Amin – i.e., that it was right to exclude him from the Commonwealth conference. My colleague is a man of impeccably liberal views: he did not quote the old arguments about how we let in Russian mass-murderers, and so forth. But it would have done Amin good, my friend said, to see just how much he is disliked. More to the point, it would have forced the other Commonwealth leaders to stand up and be counted, rather than evade the issue by citing Britain's duty, as host country, to choose whether or not to invite him. In the end, it will be Africans who have to decide what to do about him – he has, after all, discredited the OAU and there are some scores to settle there. He is a distraction – the perfect bogeyman, who enables us to forget all the rest.

☐ Inmates of the hospital wing at Wormwood Scrubs currently include Graham Young, the poisoner; Ian Brady, the Moors murderer – and George Ince, wrongly accused of murder and questionably guilty of robbery. Ince is, to put it mildly, suffering from depression. His doctors, though, say he is doing fine. He is a Category A prisoner, which means, for instance, that he cannot go from one place to another without an escort of warders. (No one has found it possible to let Brady see television for the past five years: they are too overworked, apparently.) But there is one place where the doctors, one hears, think Ince might be fit to go. That is back to Gartree Prison, in Leicestershire. It was here that his various illnesses began, when he was transferred after an alleged escape attempt from Long Martin. He hates the place; he is literally terrified of it. And even if Wormwood Scrubs is overcrowded, there are other places where the authorities can send men whom they want kept under the closest possible supervision – Parkhurst, say, or Albany. Ince's family believe that there is a conspiracy against him: one can regard that as hysterical – perhaps. What is certain is that having bucked the system once – during the Barn murder trials – he can expect no charity.

☐ Brian Walden's appointment as the new presenter of *Weekend World* was accomplished by a process of selection befitting that elitist programme. Ever mindful that his prodigy, Peter Jay, might fall under a bus, LWT's Controller of Current Affairs and Features, John Birt, had drawn up a small, select list of substitutes. Walden was on it. But when Jay's departure to Washington was announced, two other lists came into being: the first comprised aspirants who wrote in for the job; the second, including such diverse characters as the Hon. William Waldegrave, Emma Rothschild and Adrian Ham, was submitted by the *Weekend World* researchers and producers. Faced with this combined galaxy of talent, Birt drew up an identikit profile of what his programme wanted. Walden fitted on every count. But he still needed to be sussed out. So, three weeks ago, Birt, Barry Cox, head of LWT's Current Affairs Department, and David Cox, the *Weekend World* editor, sallied over to the press launching of a new book by Michael Shanks, being held at the Commons under Walden's aegis. There they picked Walden's brain, decided he was right, and made an offer. The former MP for Ladywood was in ignorance until the job was his.

☐ Donald Beves, whom *The Times* has mysteriously accused of being the 'fourth man' in the Burgess/Maclean/Philby affair, was what was known in Cambridge during the Twenties as a 'sprucer'. This means a joker, a sender-up of pomposity – well, my inability to find a synonym shows how much we need the word. It would be a more interesting revival than *that* old story, anyway. But while that old story is going the rounds, it seems to me that the simplest and most pleasant explanation was that Donald Beves was indeed a sprucer: and like Sillery in the Anthony Powell novels, absolutely determined to be in the know about everything and everybody. So what could be more likely an answer than that, during the Burgess/Maclean business, he wrote to friends saying that of course, my dear, he'd known about it all along? And that those letters have now surfaced? Anyway, until someone comes up with a better solution, I shall stick to mine.

☐ A new hobby: pretending to be in a TV series. I tried it out a few days ago in the casualty department of the Middlesex Hospital. Nothing serious so I was demoted, quite rightly, to the back of the queue for some time and allowed to watch the drama. But the trouble was that it wasn't at all like TV medical soap operas. Trying to work out where they go wrong, I dismissed for a start the idea that they glamorise nurses. Nurses are just as pretty, patient and hard-working as the legend has it. A trifle more ghoulish, perhaps. One, who had been chosen by lot to go out and buy some doughnuts, said crossly: 'You will at least bleep me if there's another fit, won't you? I'm damned if I'm going to miss a fit *again*.' But then a man in the queue explained what is special about casualty departments – and why it has nothing to do with photogenic emergencies, but with class. Only in casualty, the man said, do young doctors ever come across working-class people in their normal clothes, behaving normally. (That is to say, the friends who accompany them are behaving normally.) Otherwise, they are diminished by pyjamas and fear of authority. But most people, the man said, regard casualty departments as there purely to serve them, night or day and no nonsense. A very healthy experience for all concerned.

☐ It's become as much of a cliché to complain about tourists at this time of year as it has to moan about exams, or the weather. If anyone has a right to complain, it seems to me, it's the tourists themselves. They tend, though, to be amazingly patient: for instance, when my tube station (Notting Hill Gate) was out of action on Tuesday, there were no voices raised in angry foreign complaint – merely a puzzled shuffle to the bus stop. Sometimes the prices they are asked are intolerable (40p for a minute beaker of orange juice in Oxford Street). But sometimes they really do get value for money, or no money. For instance, last week I came home with change from a fiver after a fun-packed visitor's day. I began by watching our NS Grand Master, Tony Miles, draw a game of chess using human pieces against the *Spectator*'s man, Raymond Keene, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; then an afternoon at Lord's watching our side do badly in the Test Match: and an evening at the Shaw Theatre in the Euston Road. What all the occasions had in common was the unconquerable English passion for dressing up. It's easy to tell us apart from the tourists – by our funny clothes. *They* are all sensibly dressed in jeans and raincoats.

☐ I am more interested than I care to admit by the Who-Will-Charles-Marry? saga. And my money was on Princess Marie-Astrid of Luxemburg, while Nigel Dempster of the *Mail* was floating the story: I withdrew it when the *Express* were so sure too, as I don't follow their gossip tipsters with quite the same confidence. But the most wicked part of the *Express* story was the supposed plan that the religious difficulties could be got round by bringing the Princes up as Protestants and the Princesses as Catholics. (Serve them right if they had only daughters, and thus a Catholic Queen.) But for heaven's sake, this was insulting to everyone – men and women, believers and unbelievers, Protestants and Catholics. I prefer the Jubilee Year suggestion made in this office – that we should celebrate by repealing the 1701 Act of Settlement, and bring the royal children up as atheists.

Corinna Adam

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mr Richard Smith found a live 10-inch incendary bomb near his home in Bennett Close, Welling, and calmly wrapped it in a duffle bag and took it to Bexleyheath Police Station on the back of his bicycle. The bomb squad were called in to defuse it. Mr Smith said when he first saw the corroded bomb lying in the road one morning last week, he believed it to be a less dangerous anti-aircraft shell and hid it in a nettle bush beside the road until he had time to inspect it more thoroughly in the evening. But he forgot about the bomb until he rode over it on his bicycle later that evening. – *Bexleyheath Observer* (G. Garvey)

☐ The Methodist Church is to fix the income of a probation minister at £2,600, rising after 30 years service to £2,750. – *Daily Telegraph* (J. P. Green)

☐ The Chief Rabbi, Dr Immanuel Jakobovits, at a silver jubilee thanksgiving service at the Central Synagogue in London yesterday gave special thanks for the 'very little tangible difference the Queen has made to our lives.' – *The Times* (Raymond Wacks)

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University Forum

Fred Weiss*

Welcome to Britain

The other day, while I was walking by Speaker's Corner, supporters of Reverend Moon's Unification Church were holding one of their 'pep rallies'. The difference between a political or a religious meeting, and a 'pep rally' is that in the case of the latter you bring your own followers to cheer. Thus walking through the park you might hear this loud enthusiastic cheering and think that something really special was going on, but no – it's just another boring Moonie 'pep rally'. Reverend Moon's disciples, or 'Moonies' as they are better known in the United States, believe that there is a great confrontation coming soon, and people will have to choose between the Christian World (as represented and led by Reverend Moon, who as you might know comes from and champions that holy and 'democratic' nation, South Korea) and the Communist world. There is a Holy War going on on the 37th Parallel. When you ask a 'Moonie', how he knows, the answer is often rather blunt, 'I know because God talks to me!'

But how do they know that it is God? It could be their imagination. What about the fact that Reverend Moon has been named by the former head of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency as a KCIA agent? 'All lies,' say the Moonies. But it was in the newspapers, the *New York Times*, maybe even the *Washington Post*? 'All lies,' say the Moonies. How do they know? 'God talks to me, and I trust Reverend Moon.' What about the fact that Reverend Moon supports President Park's fascist regime in South Korea? 'I trust Reverend Moon.'

The Moonies have an interesting way of stopping the hecklers (who are by far the most erudite people speaking at the Corner) who come to their meetings. Literally, they surround them, and stare. It is difficult to describe what exactly a Moonie looks like, but the closest thing is a member of the United States Secret Service (the guys who look so nervous when President Carter dashes into a park to shake hands). All of the Moonies whom I have seen, cut their hair short, most seem to wear glasses, and the men dress in suits and ties. If they don't look like Secret Service men, they resemble Coca Cola salesmen. They believe that if you don't back Moon's crusade against communism, you must be a communist. 'Are you a communist?,' a Moonie asked one of the hecklers, whose only offence was to ask them why they backed a known member of the Korean CIA.

The Moonie headquarters here in London is at 42 Lancaster Gate, not exactly a poverty stricken area. But the Moonies don't really care, they have money to burn. Much of the money in the church comes from the United States, where the Unification Church is protected from any taxation by the doctrine of separation of church and state. Across the world the church's wealth is said to exceed $15 m. Moon is chairman of several Korean firms including one dealing in arms manufacture. In the States they sell candles and 'collect for drug addiction clinics and Third World medical centres'. In addition to a number of farms across the States and a million dollar estate in New York State, the Unification Church were able to buy the old New Yorker hotel in New York City last year.

While travelling through California last year, I spent quite a lot of time in Berkeley. One day while walking around the university campus I was invited to join two young women at their camper for tea. But the camper was more like a caravan, filled with other people 'just having tea' and learning about some place called 'the Community' which the two women and several others in the caravan called home. When asked if they were from any religious group, they denied it. The women asked me to come to dinner and I said that I didn't have time. Are you sure that you're not from any religious group? Oh no, not a chance (they giggled), are you *sure* you can't come to dinner? I gave them the address of the place I was staying in San Francisco, and they said they'd get in touch. They did – every night for a week. The persistence of their dinner invitations made me suspicious; I never went.

Thousands of young Americans have not been so fortunate. A student from New York also travelling in California came across the same caravan, had a cup of tea and was invited to dinner. The only difference was he went. He was invited to the farm ('just come up for a few days'), and decided to go. At the farm he and a group of others were given the minimum amount of food and time to sleep, and kept busy and encouraged all the time. They kept them talking, singing, moving. It was only after he went out to the farm that he was told that they were followers of Reverend Moon. There was no transportation back to Berkeley, he would have to stay the four days. At the end of the weekend he was 'hooked'. It sounds hard to believe that this could happen so quickly for someone who hasn't gone through this 'programming', but that is what happened to him, as he described it, a year later after having been 'kidnapped' by his parents and de-programmed – an exercise as terrifying as the original conversion. He claimed to have made up to $200 a *day* selling flowers on the street. All the money went to Moon.

It is a thin psychological line whether Moonies are people who still have a free will or are over-vulnerable zombies, victims of mind management. A recent legal case in California granted parents the right to reclaim their children for limited periods to persuade them back into the fold. For many years previous to the court ruling a professional de-programmer, Ted Patrick, has been travelling the States, hired by distressed parents, kidnapping back their Moonie sibblings and then brutally deconverting them on the principle of fighting fire by fire. It is perhaps too easy to say that there is something peculiar about the American sensibility and that it could not happen here.

The Moonies certainly have got a lot of money to spend if they want to try and get a stronger foothold here in Britain, though MPs like Paul Rose have been resisting their advance. Presently, Congressional investigators in the United States are probing the links between Reverend Moon and the KCIA, and the Internal Revenue is investigating the tax status of the Church. If United States soil turns 'sour' for the Moon movement – last year he called the United States the only hope to lead the struggle against communism – he may find England to be a suitable substitute. One thing bothers me – if God has been talking to them, who has been talking to God?

Fred Weiss is working for an M.Sc. in Social Administration at the LSE.

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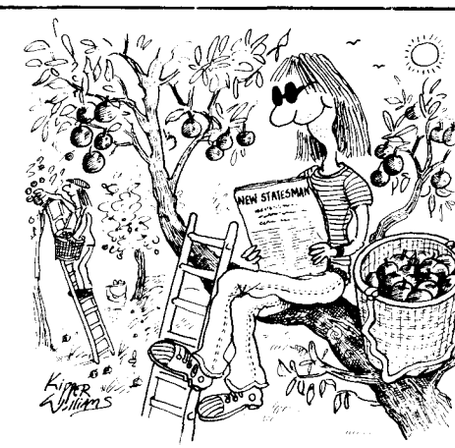

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Yours, Partner!

As a now fairly seasoned contributor, swinging confidently down and up Great Turnstile which, for those who don't know, is a purely pedestrian (I speak in a pedal sense) thoroughfare, my wholesome opinions and sane views are widely known among my colleagues in the corridors of the imposing NS building. It is therefore with no sense of treachery or disloyalty that I state that, during the concocting of the recent anti-Jubilee number, there was an atmosphere in the editorial complex that any reputable public schoolmaster could have detected a mile off. Mischief was afoot. It was the bright, clever boys of the History VI, rebels all by tradition, taking time off from swotting for that university scholarship and deciding to sneak up to Big Side on the day of the Repton match and boo the cricket XI.

Gleefully wicked faces were, I regret to say, visible on all sides, Fenton Major and Jones Minor looking especially satanic. I say 'rebels all' but did the unanimity of the royal disapprobation seem to you a bit fishy? It did to me. Even rebellious History VIs usually contain one or two goody-goody blacklegs. Perhaps they didn't dare to reveal themselves. Wasn't it Nancy Spain who informed us that Lord Beaverbrook used to dictate his newspapers' 'mood' of the day, morose or merry as the case might be, to which all contributors and stories must conform? If you knew what was good for you, you went along with the crowd, sometimes with some difficulty if the indicated mood was 'merry' ('Jolly old Elgar kicked the bucket early this a.m. at a grand old 77. Well done, Ted!').

Be that as it may and whether to order or not, they duly booed (and got six of the best) and they enjoyed booing, I dare say, and I'm only sorry that it didn't keep fine for them. They treat me very kindly but they think me, naturally, an odd fish, and they will now think me priggish and stuffy too when I waggle my white hairs at them and say that I personally find it more agreeable and rewarding to avoid when possible looking down with a sniff. 'Look up with a smile' sounds like something from the *oeuvres* of the late Godfrey Winn (did you spot that newspaper item which revealed that he had suddenly popped up somewhere, in ghost form, and had kindly handed out some wise advice to somebody?) but, if that was indeed his view, he certainly had a point.

It seems, alas, today no longer very fashionable to look up to people (they are, I admit, not easy to find), but old habits die hard and I am now far too ancient to change. And it was just about this time of year that, a few decades ago, many of us were admiringly looking up to two people. One of the names is still very familiar, Fred Perry, and the other less so, though she managed to win the Wimbledon singles: Dorothy Round.

Walking about in Exeter in the pleasant sunshine of a summer's afternoon I pass, on my way to the dentist, through a once modish but now run-down residential area (big houses with large, weedy gardens and empty attics, and needing a lick of paint). Strolling in similar conditions through the similarly once modish and affluent areas in Hampstead and Highgate, I keep my ears cocked, but in vain, for two words which, 40 years ago, rang continually out in these districts. The words were 'Yours, partner!' and, swiftly followed by the sounds of scampering feet and the aroma of hot flannel in violent motion, they indicated that, on a private court which was usually composed of grass, and pretty spongy at that, a game of lawn tennis was in progress. Tennis of this description was then an activity largely confined to the currently despised and punitively taxed middle classes (no wonder they can play no more). In the area of Berkshire in which I happily, if ineffectively, played all our parents were very much concerned with the question of class. It didn't matter in the very least whether you were good or bad at tennis. It all depended on who your father was, and whence you came.

Muddles were a bother and everybody liked to know exactly where they stood. It was permissible to play with the children of doctors, clergymen, estate agents, bank managers (but only just), solicitors, schoolmasters, officers in the services and gentlemen who were given out as having 'retired' (it didn't appear to matter greatly from what type of remunerative work they had retired. Jute? Teak? White slavery? Provided they had now abandoned it, it seemed all one.) It was, for some reason which nobody ever quite understood, impossible to play tennis, or indeed anything, with the children of dentists, and vets were never, unless Pussy went off her food, so much as mentioned. However often Gordon Selfridge might splash his cash about and be pictured in the glossy weeklies whizzing the Dolly Sisters off to Le Touquet, anybody in trade, however successfully, was out with us. And here was a strangeness. It was perfectly acceptable to be 'something in the City', to travel daily to London and there to sell, for all anybody knew or cared, tea and coffee and sugar in bulk. It was when the coffee and sugar and tea came at you in little parcels and over a counter that the trouble started. There was great agitation when a Lady of Title, with children, opened an antique shop where she could be glimpsed, actually selling her own antiques. Would she do or wouldn't she? And where, if any, was her Gentleman of Title to complete the satisfactory domestic picture? Snobbery, needless to say, won the day, only to meet with a disappointment ('I'm afraid that none of us play'). Some professions were socially very baffling. What could one make of quantity surveyors, average adjusters and homoeopaths (which always sounded like somebody to avoid on a dark night)? Did they sell anything, apart from their skills? The usual rough rule was, when in any sort of doubt, no tennis.

In course of time one became extremely well acquainted with other people's tennis courts and the houses' tea potential and the family hazards, if any. At 'Fairlawn' avoid at all costs a volatile relative called Aunt Hilary (plainly at her change of life and at the sherry bottle and apt, after tea, to suggest a ramble through the shrubbery). At 'Tall Beeches' you could count on strawbugs pretty well right through June and July. Never expect good tennis at either a vicarage or a rectory (sagging nets and soggy balls). However exciting the tennis, leave 'Meadowfields' before the return from work of Bunty's father (dreadful jokes, and much given to jovial pinching). At the Honnors' delightful house, where all else was perfection, the garden's conformation restricted the length of the 'run-back' between base-line and rose-festooned netting and, reaching gamely for a high bouncer, it was all too easy to decapitate a whole laden frond of Gloire de Dijon ('Terribly sorry, Mrs Honnor.').

The luckiest among us, and I was one, got taken to Wimbledon by parents, or kind friends' parents. There indeed were Mr Perry and Miss Round, making it all seem so easy. And what is more, win or lose, they both smiled as they played, a fine example to the young little, rich little, cross and joyless little faces that now grace, if that be the verb, those hallowed courts.

Roger Woddis

SW19

Tubs of globular hydrangeas,
Towering ivy-mantled walls,
Centre court and rapt attention
As the mounted umpire calls:
Now at last the magic moment –
Thumping hearts and little balls!

Higher than the TV gantries,
Higher than the high-rise flats,
Are the hopes of glory-hungry
Racket-wielding acrobats,
Watched by rows of solemn ladies
Wearing funny little hats.

Now the hour of commentators,
Carpenter and Maskell reign;
Meanwhile round the green arena
People make their feelings plain,
And disloyal Jimmy Connors
Feels their ice-pick in his brain.

Nimble limbs are all we ask for,
Wimbledon provides the dream,
Highlights and electric scoreboard
Count for more than academe;
Judges, unemployed and Grunwick
Less than strawberries and cream!

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Letters to the Editor

Mr McIntyre's Today Show

Sir, Crucifer's memory is good, if selective. I do indeed hold to the distinction between quality and quantity in broadcasting. But a BBC channel controller is not less interested in audience figures than a newspaper editor is in circulation, and Crucifer is most welcome to know more about how the listener is responding to the new pattern of breakfast-time listening on Radio 4.

The biggest programming change has been on Saturday, when we replaced *Today* with *Sport on Four*. Here I expected a smaller audience – a programme for even a sizeable minority usually attracts fewer listeners than a general magazine. It hasn't happened, however: the audience has held steady at the ¾-million mark, and this I attribute squarely to the flair and skill of our Sports & Outside Broadcasts Department in mounting a programme about sport and leisure that has quickly established its appeal to a wider audience.

The weekday changes were less radical. The main aim was to reassert the primacy of news at 7 and 8 a.m., putting greater emphasis on various sorts of service information before the bulletin and giving the *Today* programme a longer run at things in their two new 25-minute spaces at ten minutes past the hour. What has happened is very interesting. *Today* has certainly been pulling in a bigger audience, and I am very grateful for the professionalism with which Mike Chaney and his team have responded to the challenge of the new format, because it is no secret that they were sceptical about what I was trying to do.

The most significant figures, however, are those for the bulletins on the hour, which in the first few weeks of the new pattern have shown an audience increase of a quarter of a million at both 7 and 8 o'clock. At this stage one can only guess at the reasons. Partly, I think, it is because the newsroom have risen to the occasion and have been writing particularly crisp bulletins; partly it is because the new format throws the news on the hour into stronger relief. A third factor, however, if you will forgive the house jargon, must be that of listener inheritance from *Up to the Hour*, because there can be little doubt that in its first few weeks this new sequence has done a considerable job of audience building.

I don't want to spoil anyone's fun (and I'm delighted that Radio 4 helped John Mortimer to find a use for the word 'desecration'), but the early indications are that the general listener rather likes the new mix.

IAN MCINTYRE
Controller, Radio 4

The BBC
Broadcasting House
London W1

Lords and the Left

Sir, I would like to be included among Crucifer's 'few people' who 'will begrudge Bill Wedderburn his life peerage' (London Diary 17 June). I think it is the height of hypocrisy for someone who has attacked privilege and who calls himself a socialist to accept one of the baubles of bourgeois society; in this case membership of an undemocratic, elitist, reactionary body which is part of the system of power in our society and whose function is to make a contribution towards the maintenance of the 'status quo'.

It is equally hypocritical for Crucifer to be 'delighted' by this event although I am not surprised because if one examines the social background and situation of many leading 'lights' on the intellectual and/or revolutionary Left one finds a high proportion of them are members of the Establishment – the other side of the same coin. What concerns me most is the damage done to the credibility of the Left in the eyes of ordinary working people when academics and intellectuals identified with the Left, after attacking privilege, accept the baubles of our society and thus personally gain and are seen to gain from that very system of privilege. Perhaps, the greatest contribution they could make to the Left is to leave the Left alone and embrace other causes with their kiss of death.

TREVOR JONES

51 Southview Road
London N8

Bloomsday in Dublin

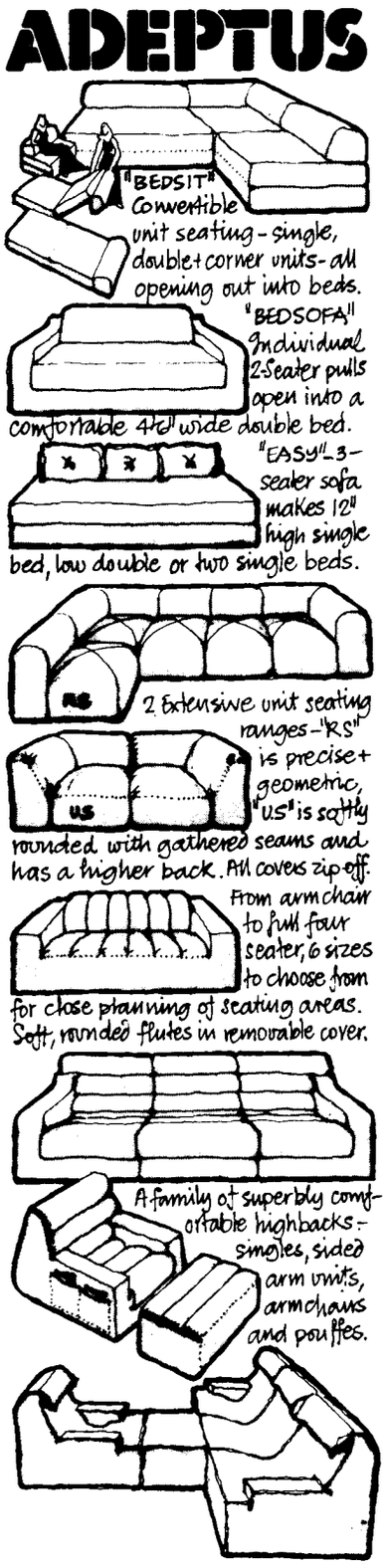
Sir, Whether all NS readers are also students or readers of *Ulysses* is doubtless not beyond conjecture. Crucifer thinks they ought to be in his London Diary (NS 10 June) but must be faulted for suggesting that Leopold was a betting man like Bantam Lyons, Bob Doran (drunken spouse of Polly Mooney), Lenehan and the other frequenters of Dublin pubs on the great day in 1904 when the days of the week were the same as this year's June. The outsider (at 20-1 not 100-1), Throwaway, that won the Ascot Gold Cup, was not even known by the name to Bloom; Lyons had assumed all too readily that Bloom was giving him a tip by using the phrase 'I was just going to throw it away' – 'it' being Bloom's copy of that morning's Dublin newspaper *The Freeman* which he offered to let Lyons keep. Bloom retained the newspaper and used it to wrap the famous tablet of lemon soap which had an odyssey of its own in Bloom's pockets. It soon became bruited around the betting fraternity in Barney Kiernan's tavern (Cyclops episode) that dark horse Bloom had given Lyons this tip for Throwaway (which incidentally Lyons failed to use on the persuasion of Lenehan . . . Joyce does not record what Lyons said when this outsider won). So all thought Bloom had cleared £5 by a five shilling bet, and an ominous dislike of Bloom culminated in the hurling of the empty biscuit tin by the rabid nationalist Joyce could not or would not name.

JOHN F. MACKESON

35 Durdham Park
Bristol

Scotland and the BBC

Sir, John Mackay (Letters 17 June) is to be commended for drawing attention to the awfulness of much of the output of BBC Scotland. Just why programmes from Manchester, for example, should be so much better than those from Glasgow is unclear. Alastair Hetherington might say that his budget is too small. Certainly it sems that some of the equipment is out of date: football matches often appear to have been filmed at ground level with a hand-held 8 mm. camera. John Mackay would probably say that BBC Scotland employs the wrong kind of people. My own view is that the Scots are simply not at home in the medium of broadcasting, they prefer the written word to the spoken word. History has made them the least assertive of people, and they would rather write round a point than talk to it (the prolixity of the letters in the *Scotsman* bears this out).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What Alastair Hetherington must do is to concentrate on those programmes which BBC Scotland *can* do well: there must be fewer and better programmes. Sadly, the only subject his producers have a penchant for is nostalgia. But since it was invented by a Scotsman, Sir Walter, this is how it should be.

DAVID FLETCHER

Blackwood's Magazine
32 Thistle Street
Edinburgh

Sir, A friendly bureaucrat has put it to me that I was less than fair in referring (NS 10 June) to the BBC as having 'some of the world's best programme makers and some of the world's worst bureaucrats'. Yes, he says, but doesn't the BBC also have some of the world's best administrators? Agreed. The divergence is about systems, not people, and about Scotland's proper place in the system. I well know that in the South as in the North are many BBC administrators who work with devotion to improve the lot of broadcasters.

It may be as well if I say it, since they don't want to widen the area of conflict.

ALASTAIR HETHERINGTON
Controller, BBC Scotland

Broadcasting House
Queen Margaret Drive
Glasgow

Kingsley Martin

Sir, In the course of his very entertaining review of Arthur Marshall's book (NS 27 May) Noël Annan let slip a remark about the late Kingsley Martin which I cannot allow to go unchallenged. Discussing the 'moral conviction' of the literary pages of the NS, Lord Annan writes: 'You have only to weigh the intellectual integrity of Raymond Mortimer or V. S. Pritchett against that of Kingsley Martin to sense it.' I yield to none in my esteem for Raymond Mortimer and Sir Victor Pritchett, but I don't think it right to use their characters to cast doubt on Kingsley's. Kingsley Martin was editor of this journal for 30 years, during a period of social and international convulsion, World War and Cold War. He had to take a great many hard decisions on editorial policy during those momentous decades and he undoubtedly made many errors of judgment, some grievous. He was sometimes muddled in his own mind, sometimes oddly ill informed. But I never knew him settle any editorial matter without believing wholeheartedly at the time that what he was doing was morally and intellectually justified.

C. H. Rolph, Kingsley's biographer, who knew him much longer and more intimately than I did, wishes to be associated with this letter; and I daresay there are other former colleagues who will endorse its main point.

PAUL JOHNSON

Copthall
Iver, Bucks.

Canary Girls

Sir, Readers of the NEW STATESMAN may be interested to have some more details about the booklet *Canary Girls and Stockpots* which was mentioned by Crucifer in last week's London Diary. The author, Edith Hall, who now lives in Luton, was born and grew up in Southall in the early years of this century. The 'Canary Girls' of the title were the chemical-stained World War I munitions workers who lodged with her mother. Mrs Hall has been in turn a factory worker, a domestic servant and eventually a qualified nurse. Her first contact with the WEA was when, as a 15-year-old production worker in a sweet factory, she went with her father to a literature class and as a result read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*: 'The first serious novel I had read up to this time in which the heroine had not been of "gentle birth" and wealthy and the labouring classes brainless automatons.' *Canary Girls* is the first of what we hope will be a series of 'people's histories' to be published by the Luton WEA branch. It can be had from the address below, price 77p., or it is currently on sale at Colletts, Dillons, Central Books and a number of smaller London bookshops.

TONY DENNIS
WEA Tutor-Organiser for Luton

Barnfield College
New Bedford Road
Luton, Bedfordshire

Eliot's Early Years

Sir, May I correct a few of the mistakes in the review of *Eliot's Early Years* (NS 10 June)? The reviewer queries my placing T. S. Eliot's third 'Prelude' in a Boston suburb but has overlooked the fact that the poem's original title was 'Prelude in Roxbury'. He is dismayed not to find the typist's 'dirty camisoles' in the text of *The Waste Land*; it is, in fact, in the text of the facsimile edition of the *Waste Land* manuscript.

The comments that Eliot's mother's poems were 'feeble' and Eliot was a 'mother's boy' are bad misreadings: I said that Charlotte Eliot's poems were rather like vehement sermons, and the literary relationship between mother and son does not bear such reductive jargon.

There is much complaint of the religious emphasis in *Eliot's Early Years*. It would have been improper for me to have ignored the overwhelming evidence in the unpublished poems – including 'Silence' (1910), 'The Love Song of Saint Sebastian', and 'The Burnt Dancer' (both 1914) – reinforced by the evidence of Eliot's reading notes at Harvard, that he was fascinated by the religious experience at a very early stage in his carer.

LYNDALL GORDON

29 Hobson Road
Oxford

Freudian Slip

Sir, When I approved the proof of my review of Anthony Delano's *Slip-Up*, there was a passage which read:

> Simply, the British legal, political and social system blocks off the press from whole areas of practice which are bread-and-butter to the media of the democracies.

This appeared (NS 3 June) as 'the media of the *other* democracies.'

I am sure you intended kindly in making me out more respectable than I am, but I did write what I meant. For, it seems to me, Britain is not a democracy in the sense that several nations of the industrial West more or less manage to be.

Perhaps this shows what a deeply respectable journal the NEW STATESMAN is really, in spite of all the rude articles you printed about the Queen in other parts of the same issue. And perhaps this is where socialists of my description find a certain difficulty with the NS – dearly as we love it.

There are several countries with monarchs which apparently manage to be a good deal more democratic than we are. Could it be that you are picking the wrong target in attributing so many of our troubles to the Windsors? And could it be that more of them are due to the conviction – shared, quite often, by those who proclaim iconoclasm – that we have little, if anything, to learn from the other nations of the West?

BRUCE PAGE

35 Duncan Terrace
London N1

Federico García Lorca

Sir, I have been asked by the Modern Languages Association of America to help in the compilation of a definitive bibliography of the Spanish poet and playwright Federico García Lorca (1898-1936). The MLAA wishes to know of articles, books, translations and adaptations partly or wholly concerned with or based on his work, and I should be very glad to hear from any of your readers or contributors who have published any work on him or who could give me any information about such publications in the UK.

J. A. CHAPMAN
Senior Lecturer in Spanish

Westfield College
University of London

NS Readers and the Jubilee

Sir, NEW STATESMAN contributors and readers seem to be working themselves up into a dreadful state quite needlessly. Why should you suppose it any more likely that all those people were out lighting fires on the hills and holding parties in the streets in honour of the Queen's Silver Jubilee than that heathen hordes that pack the pubs throughout December are there to celebrate the birth of Christ? People in this part of the world have always lit fires and held parties in December and June and no matter how urban we become probably always will. Which leads me to one worrying thought: is the NS now run by robots who don't feel these primeval urges?

SHEILA DRAPER

94 Haldane Road
London E6

Sir, I have been a reader of the NEW STATESMAN for a number of years, and during that time I had assumed, rather naïvely I suppose, that all your readers were intelligent. After reading the letters criticising your Anti-Jubilee Number, a dose of sanity amid the torrent of hypocritical nonsense we'd had from almost all the rest of the press. I was driven to the conclusion that you have a few unintelligent readers.

W. G. ROBBINS

20 Euclid Street
Swindon, Wilts.

Sir, Could you publish the number of letters you have received 'for' or 'against' your 'Anti-Jubilee' issue?

JOHN PAXTON

Nile Hilton
Cairo, Egypt

We have received well over 100 letters. Critics of the issue outnumber readers approving of it in a ratio of three-to-two. – Ed. NS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A. J. P. Taylor

Still, That Is What Tom Liked

Ruling Passions by TOM DRIBERG *Cape* £5.95

Many homosexuals cannot whistle. So Tom Driberg states and he should know. Homosexuality was one of his ruling passions. After a lifetime of rather inadequate concealment he was determined to assert this openly and explicitly in his autobiography. Friends persuaded him that if he published what he had written he would be unwelcome in the House of Lords, so he left the autobiography to be published after his death. It is, alas, incomplete, virtually ending in 1952 and with nothing about his years as a Labour MP and a member of Labour's National Executive – ultimately indeed its chairman. The homosexual passages are certainly explicit, but what makes the book fascinating is Tom Driberg as William Hickey, writer of the daily column, THESE NAMES MAKE NEWS, and, I think, the best newspaper diarist of his time.

I was never concerned about Tom's homosexuality and will get the passages on it out of the way first. Tom was a compulsive 'maniser' as others are compulsive womanisers. What he sought was sex in the raw. He never formed a lasting attachment. There was only the most casual affection in his sex. And it was never with members of his own class or, as Michael Foot euphemistically calls it, 'his own social milieu'. Tom's sex was fellatio with an East End docker, a Norwegian sailor or a soldier from the Black Watch. He found his partners wherever he could, usually in an unattended urinal or, as it is apparently known in the profession, 'a cottage'. He followed this pattern from his schooldays to his death.

That is really all there is to be said. It was a strange and to more normal observers a sad taste. Once the story is told at length it becomes rather boring. Homosexual encounters are no more interesting to others when described in detail than are heterosexual ones. Still, that is what Tom liked. The best thing is that he was unashamed about it. He was accused of hypocrisy for being a practising homosexual and at the same time a pious Anglo-Catholic. He replied firmly:

> The two interests were parallel and simultaneous, and I was not a hypocrite: whether functioning as an acolyte in the sanctuary, or practising fellatio in some hotel bedroom or station w.c., I was doing what I most wanted to do at that moment, and doing it with complete sincerity.

Tom thought that his homosexuality had made his political career a failure: 'a back-bench MP – the lowest form of parliamentary life – with no hope, under the prevailing heterosexual dictatorship, of ministerial office.' Tom never understood the difficulties his taste caused to others. There was always the danger of blackmail, though as Tom became more arrogant and confident this was rarely serious. He had only to say, 'I am William Hickey' or 'I am Tom Driberg, the Labour MP' and the policeman would tell him to bugger off, often shaking Tom's hand at parting. All the same his obsession was a nuisance. He almost ruined my 21st-birthday dinner by pestering the waiter. Finally the waiter said to me, 'I am a respectable married man and if that gentleman comes out to me again I shall go home.' When I reminded Tom of this incident 50 years later, he remembered the waiter perfectly, and merely said, 'What had his being a married man to do with it?'

Even in the homosexual passages Tom's gifts as a diarist are at work, and in the rest of his book still more so. The accounts of his family background, with a father born in 1840, and of his schooldays, when expulsion fell on him as deputy head of the school, are classically effective. Tom loved ritual, whether in church or in the House of Commons. He describes how, at his mother's funeral, he shocked her Protestant friends by 'handing them unbleached candles to hold and lighting these at the correct places in the service'. Similarly at the funeral of Pope Pius XI and the coronation of Pope Pius XII, he alone of the English journalists present got the details right. He remarked of Pius XI's funeral that *The Times* had said the lying-in-state had been in a chapel on the 'south' side of St Peter's: 'It was on the north; though in a less learned journal the mistake might have been overlooked, for St Peter's "faces" west instead of east.' At Pius XII's coronation: 'Cardinals kissed his foot and hand; archbishops and bishops kissed his foot and knee; mitred abbots kissed his foot only.'

All his life Tom was a left-wing socialist. He began as a communist and remained a member of the Party until some time after the outbreak of the second world war. He says curiously little about this, not because he was ashamed of it or had anything to conceal, but simply, I suppose, because he could not squeeze any good anecdotes out of it. He merely says of his time at Oxford, 'I had maintained my links with the Communists', whereas he was in fact Secretary of the university Party. I know: I was the total rank and file. The end of his communist days is also curious. A year or two after the outbreak of war he was expelled from the Communist Party and never learned why. 'Was it because of sex? Or religion? Or something I had written in my column?' There was no reply. At all events, it was a lucky break. Shortly afterwards there was a by-election at Maldon and Tom was returned as an Independent MP. In 1945 he joined the Labour Party, actually signing his application for membership at the meeting in Maldon when he was adopted as Labour candidate.

Thus began the years of service as a Labour MP and to the Labour movement which ended only with Tom's death. Tom rarely talked about his political beliefs, as for that matter he rarely talked about his religious beliefs. He took them for granted. As to the Labour Party he merely says, 'I now believed it to be, with its mass membership in the trade unions, the only instrument through which there can be in Britain an advance towards Socialism.' Tom had no great concern with political ideas. His unique ability was in championing the downtrodden and the victims of injustice. No trouble was too great for him when he saw a case where he thought some government department or law court had gone wrong. Here again he was strong on ritual and knew all the rules, which enabled him to harass those in power.

Tom Driberg was a high socialite from his days at Oxford until the end. He numbered many famous figures among his friends, extending from Lord Mountbatten to Wystan Auden. One of these friendships went wrong as the reader may see from the remarkable letter from Robert Graves, on pp. 64-65, and the even more remarkable letter from Laura (Riding) Jackson at the end of the book. Most of the friendships stuck and gave Tom the opportunity to appear in top hat and tails, as some of the photographs show. Beaverbrook thought there was a contradiction between Tom's political principles and his social life. On 19 May 1938 the following paragraph, dictated by Lord Beaverbrook, appeared in the *Evening Standard* Diary:

> The Café Communists are one of the more recent products of our modern social life. They are the gentlemen, often middle-aged, who gather in fashionable restaurants, and, while they are eating the very fine food that is served in those restaurants and drinking the fine wines of France and Spain, they are declaring themselves to be of Left Wing Faith.

Tom was allowed to reply:

> Mr Driberg retorts that he does not see why he also should be a victim of the malnutrition which is an endemic disease of capitalism; that clear-thinking need not imply poor feeding; that since the most painful part of his job is to associate occasionally with the rich and powerful, he naturally, on such occasions, needs an anaesthetic; and that he has yet to discover a really 'fine' Spanish wine anyway.

Tom might have added that he was as much at home drinking strong tea with Labour workers in the East End as he was at a West End restaurant.

Tom never got on well with Beaverbrook. All the same, when Tom was charged at the Old Bailey with indecent assault, Beaverbrook paid for his defence – Tom says £600 but it was a good deal more. Beaverbrook also ensured that no London newspaper contained any mention of the case. The *World's Press News*, the trade paper, carried this comment: 'That was a curious case that Fleet Street was talking about last week. Not [illegible].'

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This comment gave Tom considerable pleasure.

The last chapter deals with Tom's visit to Guy Burgess in Moscow. Burgess, who was also a homosexual, complained that he was starved of sex. Tom had already discovered a homosexual 'cottage' in a large underground urinal immediately behind the Metropole Hotel. Guy went there and formed with one of the habitués a friendship that lasted for life. This was characteristic of Tom. His thoughtful kindness towards others often took the most unusual form. He was in truth infinitely kind and considerate. He loved fun and rounds of social gossip. He also never wavered in his socialist faith and baulked at nothing to help the distressed. My last memory of him is of an enjoyable evening when we talked over old times and reviewed the follies of the present day. At the end, as I left, Tom said he wanted to stay behind and have a word with the waiter. Thus he went off still pursuing his own particular kind of gaiety. With all his strange contradictions he was a character of almost saintly innocence.

John Jones

Mes Petites Sensations

The Gentle Barbarian: The Life and Work of Turgenev by V. S. PRITCHETT *Chatto & Windus* £5.95

This is a book in need of a helping hand against a blurb which distorts the truth and is likely to prejudice readers against a good achievement:

> In the last few years the great Russian novelist, Ivan Turgenev, has stepped out of the album of *A Sportsman's Sketches* where criticism had politely placed him and become a living voice . . .

The impression here is of a man, himself a very Russian type, a writer of tales taken more or less straight from life, who has only recently been recognised as a major creative force.

On the contrary, Turgenev the novelist had a uniquely fortunate and early send-off in the nine-volume translation by Constance Garnett published in 1897. Moreover, those nine volumes enjoyed the support of the most powerful critical intelligence of modern times, Henry James, who had already written in support of Turgenev in 1874. He followed this with his justly famous commemorative essay of 1884, the year after his subject's death; and in the next decade he used Mrs Garnett's translation as an opportunity not merely to praise Turgenev yet again but also to prefer him as master of form, as model for others, to Tolstoy, that 'monster attached to his great subject – human life! – as an elephant might be harnessed, for purposes of traction, not to a carriage but to a coach-house'. Of course James's argument took time to sink in, but sink in it most certainly did. The world acclaimed 'the beautiful genius', 'the novelist's novelist', the peer – or more than the peer – of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Nor is it true that *A Sportsman's Sketches* (though James also loved and praised those semi-documentary tales) has been at the centre of critical attention: our eyes have rested on the maker of fictions, the quintessential novelist. It might be said – the blurb, following Sir Victor Pritchett, who is following Sir Isaiah Berlin, does say – that the violence and liberal anguish of today give added significance to Turgenev's work, especially to *Fathers and Children*. But then it must *also* be said, for we are on the brink of a fearful heresy, that in so far as Turgenev is a great writer his has always been what the blurb calls 'a living voice'. He is our contemporary.

Of course James did not carry everybody with him. D. H. Lawrence repeatedly lumped the three Russians together in terms of moral schematism and 'a certain crudity, a thick, uncivilised, insensitive stupidity'. Katherine Mansfield reversed James's preference: 'When one thinks of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina all those young ladies of Turgenev's, with their seductive shoulders, fade away into nothing.' And what of Dostoevsky? It is a pity James never turned his attention to the third man; we would surely have been given an entertaining, an elephantine, a brilliantly perverse elaboration of James's 'gulch and canyon' picture of humanity as he found it embodied in Robert Louis Stevenson's wife.

Sir Victor is in no doubt that Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were both bigger than Turgenev; he pronounces, *en passant*, that 'their range and strength as novelists was far greater'. I'm sure he is right, except for his grammar, but I'm also sorry that he doesn't give himself time to dwell on this and many other issues that are glimpsed and disappear from sight almost at once in his book.

He has taken us on a trip round the bay in the sense that there are no matters of fact here that are not readily discoverable in printed sources, English and French. But this is not a mugs' book. Passengers who don't know the facts will get their money's worth in terms of reliability and interest, and those who do will have the pleasure of watching the play of a free, unacademic, unhired (let alone unbribed) judgment upon the familiar scene. It is nearly always rewarding to read a real writer on a real writer, and *The Gentle Barbarian* is no exception to this rule. I don't think it matters much that Sir Victor knows no Russian, for Turgenev is curiously, as James might say, available.

This was a difficult critical biography to write for several reasons, the most obvious being the bulk and complexity of the stuff to be rendered down. Turgenev's life was crammed with incident and movement. He had money and loved people and places. He was not, however, a political animal; his instincts were private, and this should have been a record of a full but nevertheless private life. Alas, censorship and the other horrors and vagaries of Russian autocracy made it impossible for a writer of liberal temper to *be* private.

And so Sir Victor has to block in a background of Westerners, Nihilists, Anarchists, Slavophils, Crop-Haired Girls and other phenomena against which we can make sense of Turgenev. The broad pattern is easily grasped; it is the familiar dilemma of a moderate man caught between fanatical extremists, radical and reactionary, and drawing the fire of both sides; but broad patterns and familiar dilemmas make dull reading unless some skilful selection and summarising, such as we have here, evoke the flavour of those terrible, absurd times and those amazing people.

In the eyes of the Right, Turgenev was 'a bourgeois German', Karmazinov (Pinky) of *The Devils*, a renegade who had sold his birthright, his collective Russian soul, for a mess of Schiller and Hegel and the vicious Goncourt circle. To the Left, he was a chicken-hearted trimmer who had drowned his passion in irony.

And the truth? Let's begin with sex. When Turgenev was 15 and (he says) a virgin, his mother's chambermaid took hold of him by the hair at the back of his head and frog-marched him to bed, commanding him: 'Come!' He reflects:

> What followed was the sensations we have all experienced. But the sweet clasp of my hair accompanied by that single word – that still gives me a sensation of happiness every time I think of it.

Here we have James's man – and Virginia Woolf's for that matter. His 'sweet clasp' bears the same relation to sex as Mrs Ramsay's *boeuf en daube* does to eating. That clasp, distilled in the recesses of a fine consciousness, together with that patrician closing of the door on the feelings 'we have all experienced', give us the man and the writer in a nutshell. They also show how preposterous it was ever to couple his talent with those of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

He lacked the stamina and the human centrality over matters like sex and food to write a very strong 'realistic' novel. He was better than Thackeray – I suppose Paris was bad for both of them – but he had no *Bovary* smouldering inside him. Nuance and atmosphere, prelude and aftermath, absence and dying, what Cézanne called *mes petites sensations*, failure most centrally, are his loved objects; they make him a magnificent writer of short and not so short stories, among which – I say dogmatically – 'First Love' is an international masterpiece, as wonderful as Joyce's 'The Dead'.

He also ranks with the great observers. His *Sportsman's Sketches* are indeed fine. The most Russian thing about him – he is not very Russian, which no doubt explains his availability – is his power to create as it were on the flanks of fact, in the shadow of the given, in a tradition of transfigured history, personal and national, of which Gorky was the last great master but which still lives in Solzhenitsyn – the tradition of Aksakov's *Family Chronicle*; of Tolstoy's

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Childhood trilogy, his Caucasus and Crimea stories, *War and Peace* itself; of Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead*, Gogol's *Taras Bulba*, Lermontov's *Hero of Our Time* – back to all that is alive before the true Russian dawn which is Pushkin: Karamzin's *History*, Radishchev's *Journey*, Avvakum's *Life*, and a rhetorical yet vivid prose exercise, the taunting exchange of letters between Prince Kurbsky and The Terrible.

Turgenev's strength and weakness are extraordinarily hard to disentangle. I say that failure was his motif, sad tales of love, idealism, death, bathed in a lyric light as personal as Cuyp's gold and Purcell's minor-key tonality. But I also believe that an equally personal masochistic sentimentalism is his undoing. And so with the man himself.

There are areas where we feel solid ground beneath us. He was gentle, forgiving, truthful, persistently nice to people who were foul to him. Dostoevsky kicked him in the teeth for lending him money. Tolstoy drove him mad with his obsessive ranting, but not so mad as to prevent Turgenev rallying himself on his deathbed to write a letter imploring Tolstoy to return from propaganda to his art.

But what about the most important circumstance of his life, his 40-year affair or non-affair – incredible though it sounds, we don't know which – with the Spanish singer, Pauline Viardot? We know about the music, dancing, lying under the trees, the exchange of locks of hair and nail-clippings. But the centre of the thing is one huge blur, symbolised by his habit of writing to her in French but slipping into German for endearments. We must refuse to declare whether it was a poignant or just a messy blur, because it was both.

Neal Ascherson

The Awkward Squad

No Jail For Thought by LEV KOPELEV translated by Anthony Austin *Secker & Warburg* £6

This book is about a word, a quality, which has no real translation into English: 'Partyness', literally, which doesn't convey the force of the Russian or Polish '*partiinost*' or '*partijnosc*'. Even in Chinese, I am told, the corresponding expression has a rather different meaning. 'Partyness' is a definition which took its final form in the Muscovite version of communism developed by Stalin, and is confined to the Soviet spiritual empire. It means, as Kopelev puts it,

> The ability to see everything – theory and practice, the past and the present, others and oneself – precisely as required by the Party at any given moment: the ability to think and act in the interests of the Party under any and all circumstances: that was 'Bolshevik Partyness' . . .

It is something which is more easily inborn – through correct class origin and its endownment of 'healthy class instinct' – than acquired. It means far more than just the ability to obey, more even than the ability to obey when the Party abruptly alters its line. It means the power to internalise continuously the necessities of the Party, so that the communist with 'Partyness' at once perceives that the line is the correct one however often it changes and however ferocious or atrocious may be the means to achieve the end.

It was 'Partyness' that Kopelev was up against, in others and in himself as well. This book is the story of his trials and prison-camps, but – much more importantly – it is the autobiography of a loyal and impassioned Soviet communist who could accept any necessity imposed by the Party except sheer national chauvinism.

Kopelev was 'of Jewish origin', as they say, and was brought up in Kharkov. As a boy in 1929 he became briefly involved with the Trotskyite opposition in that city (the activity and extent of the opposition as an underground movement is a minor relevation in itself). After a very short imprisonment, he became reconciled to the Party and joined the Komsomol: he took part enthusiastically in actions against the Kulaks and in *razzias* into the villages against 'hoarders'. At the Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow, he was proud to act as an informer on students with foreign contacts – an informer who prided himself on reporting only the truth, however favourable to those under suspicion. 'Today', he writes gloomily, 'I realise that a truthful police report on someone is still a police report.'

But the main story begins at the end of the war, when Kopelev was in a propaganda unit with the Red Army as it entered East Prussia. The indiscriminate murder, rape and looting by a minority of Russian officers and troops appalled him. In his naïvety, he tried to stop it and denounced comrades who took part. Behaviour like this, he assumed, harmed the Soviet Union and debased those who took part in it, as well as offending against the notion of internationalism: 'Hitlers come and go,' Stalin had said, 'but the German people remains . . .' To his utter astonishment, he was charged under Article 58 of the Criminal Code with anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda and the dissemination of slander.

A terrible ten years ensued. In what in a different society would have been the *cause du siècle*, Kopelev underwent no less than four separate trials for the same 'offences' before military courts. As the war receded, the charges against him – softness towards the Germans, acting as an 'objective' German agent, because 'to pity the enemy is to betray your own' – lost some of their force. The Soviet Union was now indeed competing with the West for the friendship of the German people. His second trial acquitted him, and for a few weeks he was returned as a free man to his family in Moscow. But then the Chief Military Prosecutor, insulted by the verdict, set it aside. A third trial followed. Then, finally, a fourth which imposed the shattering sentence of ten years' imprisonment and five years' loss of civil rights.

Lev Kopelev now lives in Moscow, a huge and hospitable man who speaks his mind to anyone who calls on him. He is a dissident, but still a left-winger – Solzhenitsyn took much from his fellow-convict Kopelev for the character of Rubin in *The First Circle* – who strongly denies that anything so coherent as a 'dissident movement' exists. His polemics with Solzhenitsyn in the last few years have become famous. The force of character, this insistence on 'playing the awkward squad', both got Kopelev into trouble and helped him to survive it. His own account of the prison-camp universe in the post-war years is as incredible and Dostoevskian as any of the narratives to come out of the USSR in recent times, but better written and expressed than most: the bliss of getting a soggy fag-end from an interrogator (Kopelev was a hopeless tobaccomane), the paradise of an extra plateful from a friendly cook; the stories of other inmates: the released robber who keeps trying to get back into one camp because conditions outside it are worse; the thief who ate a young Korean when starving in Siberia; Captain Yakovlev, languishing because others had wrongly reported his death in action; the camp informer maimed by a neatly-felled tree because he had reported the Easter party given by an old Orthodox lady

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prisoner to save his own tout's soul; survivors of the Cossack units handed back to Stalin by the British in 1945.

But it is the Kopelev case itself which really matters. It's well enough known that the dying Lenin worried about 'Great-Russian chauvinism', and the Great-Russian boor, and saw these monsters in Stalin's level gaze. Just because Kopelev's political offence was that he challenged the doctrine of 'my country right or wrong', and for that was expelled from the Party and imprisoned, we see suddenly and very clearly what Lenin meant. It is the pseudo-morality of 19th-century ultra-nationalism which infiltrated and then dominated the Soviet conception of 'Partyness' and Party loyalty. Among those who bore witness against or denounced Kopelev in East Prussia in 1945, 'healthy class instinct' had sunk to an almost racialist and irrational definition which can hardly be distinguished from the *'gesunde Volksempfinden'* of the Nazis. Stalin really did achieve the feat of making 'Partyness' the last refuge of scoundrels.

P. J. Kavanagh

Nice and Irish

Enter a Goldfish by MICHÉAL MAC LIAMMÓIR
Thames & Hudson £3.95

Like the consummate old ham that he is (and I mean no disrespect: it is the rich and splendid element of ham that has made him such a commanding stage figure – a sort of Donald Wolfit with humour), Michéal mac Liammóir comes before the curtain of his novel, dressing-gowned, a little pale, confessing to a certain feebleness, begging the audience's indulgence for the performance about to commence:

> I would like to express my profound and cordial gratitude to Mrs Tom Corbett, our secretary – for which purpose she has, like an actress, kept the name by which she is known to my partner and me: Miss Mary Cannon – for the unwavering patience and helpfulness of her work during the creation of this book. Much of it had to be dictated to her because of bad eyesight and inability to hand her any sort of legible script, and I cannot conceive how the task could have been achieved by anyone else on earth.

There is the sweep of the Grand Manner in that, and the picture of an author who can barely see, barely hold a pen, whom any critic would be a beast to savage. Alas, though, *Enter a Goldfish* is not very good.

But it is at least not good in an odd way. It is the story of Martin Weldon from his babyhood to (with a hurry and skip towards the end that leaves you breathless, for up to then the whole book has been about a beautiful boyhood) a maturity distinguished enough to demand that he write his memoirs.

The family life in Ireland and in London is well and generously done. The plain sister, the beautiful one, the motherly one, the odd one who gets involved with Aleister Crowley, the warm (and believable) mother and the attractive failure of a father. A hugger-mugger life of lower-middle-class poverty remembered by Martin with love. He shows promise as a child-actor, is auditioned by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and employed. The show-biz chapters are lightly done. Although Mr mac Liammóir does mention 'the smell of greasepaint' – something, in ten years on the stage, I never caught a whiff of – the backstage memories are presented with a sense of the absurd and an absence of self-involvement rare in such things. Then he becomes an equally successful painter, discovers his nature, without dismay, to be homosexual, rediscovers Ireland and rediscovers the stage, setting up a theatre in Dublin with a partner. Martin also has a recurring dream, which hints at a theory of reincarnation. There are other esoteric asides, never explored, which is a pity.

But how far is this a novel, an account of the life of Martin Weldon, invented, and how far is it a disguised account of the author's own life? It ought not to matter but in this case it does. Mr mac Liammóir did set up a theatre in Dublin with Hilton Edwards – where, with that irresistible and unresisted Irish malice, they were known as Sodom and Begorrah – and the last perfunctory chapters suggest that we are meant to know this. Did, therefore, Mr mac Liammóir spend some time in a TB sanatorium in Switzerland? For the chapters describing this suddenly contain an immense cast-list of people introduced and whisked away. They read like the memoirs of a colonial governor ransacking the Guest Book of the Residence. Elsewhere, real people are mentioned, like Noël Coward. It is odd, and disappointing, because to begin with we are led to expect a work of imagination, and one that Mr mac Liammóir shows he is capable of writing.

But one thing has to be mentioned: the delightful good nature of the whole thing; it is a very 'nice' book. To say that of any English book is to damn it for being commonplace. Englishmen are trained to 'niceness' as the sparks fly upward. But Irishmen are not. The above-mentioned malice is a national characteristic and a national vice. For an Irishman like Mr mac Liammóir (who has devoted his life to Ireland) to be witty without drawing one speck of blood is an act of national originality.

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Shopped

The Arms Bazaar by ANTHONY SAMPSON
Hodder & Stoughton £5.95

The book begins with an extraordinary story. Arriving in Washington on the daunting business of investigating the arms-dealing trade, Anthony Sampson finds himself accidentally in a hotel entertaining a great Helicopter Convention – in a word, smack in a showcase-fair of the whole grubby industry. What a start to a narrative; he should have been so lucky.

> The cavernous, brilliantly-lit hall was surrounded with stalls prickly with guns, torpedoes and electronic devices . . . In the centre, under the blue sign of Boeing, was a white whale of a helicopter, the Boeing LAMPS, with long rotor blades above a fat belly which looked immovable. On each side was a bright torpedo, and all round it the salesmen and customers were chatting and drinking, while their wives leaned on the torpedoes and the children climbed in and out of the cabin.

Thus was the whole merchants-of-death business revealed in a sort of carnival. A three-barrelled 30mm. gun was cosily defined as having a fire growth capability of up to 2,000 shots-per-minute, offering optimum interface with fire control/aircraft. Alternatively, the Hughes stall advertised a lockless machine-gun of but 18 pounds firing 420 rounds a minute; a 7.62 chain-gun with 800 shots a minute, high reliability at all rates of fire. On the television screens the helicopters cavorted in a mock ballet, suddenly producing missiles with orange fire: 'an active killer, not just a passive hunter.' All around the Congressmen and Iranian and Brazilian customers peered about, genially prodding these things as though at their tailor's.

This bazooka-boutique was of course just the skin of the whole affair, like the respectable cover of a pornographic magazine. The real story is far deeper and nastier, far crueller and more secretive and ominous. The 'toys of death', as Anthony Sampson calls them, are a fairground façade for an enormous background industry with but two motivations: profit and fear.

The Arms Bazaar is a pretty awful book, by which I most respectfully mean that it evokes awe, both for its subject and for the industry that has so clearly gone into it. The phrase 'investigative journalism' has for the moment rather a sour sound since the *Daily Mail* Leyland débâcle and so on, but if ever there was a doyen of the craft in its best sense it is Sampson, to whom anyone of our shared trade must doff his lid or lower his flag or whatever you do in such a case. Whenever Brother Sampson anatomises something, whether it be Britain or Africa or the ITT, it stays anatomised. Here he has undertaken the study of a most profitably dirty business, where he must almost certainly have met much opposition and hostility – since the nature of the arms bazaar is to work in

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the darkness – and he has revealed, I am sure, a lot more than they wanted.

It is almost impossible to synthesise the burden of the book, since the whole thing is based on an accumulation of interlocking data. It amounts, roughly, to an index of a wholly legal, accepted, indeed encouraged international conspiracy, based on the principle that men need little encouragement to kill one another, and that while some may die, others will prosper. In a word (the publisher's word) Sampson

> describes the development of the giant arms companies, beginning with Vickers, Armstrong, and Krupp, and traces the recent origins of the boom in arms sales, culminating in the Middle East.

That is to say, he defines the whole beastly business from the 19th century of Hiram Maxim and Alfred Nobel, who in retrospect seem to have been the Woolworths of the business, up to the powerful and frequently faceless organisations of today, whose fortunes have by definition a vested interest in war. That is putting it crudely; *The Arms Bazaar* defines it.

The second world war was of course the great commercial shot in the arm; the small companies in California, led by Lockheed and sustained by the Pentagon, blossomed into vast uneasy corporations, with a momentum that could be interrupted only by peace. That menace, however, was improbable so long as the pot could be kept boiling; Korea and Vietnam were good trade factors. After Vietnam new markets had to be found to provide work and foreign earnings for the developed West; naturally the new bonanza was the Middle East.

> It has been at the price of a dangerous and cynical build-up of weapons in the Gulf, while the Lockheed and Northrop scandals have uncovered a network of corruption from Holland to Japan.

The whole thing is a network of cynicism and avarice, an interplay of governments and manufacturers, makers of arms and dealers in arms, from the biggest to the smallest entrepreneurs. This is Sam Cummings, chairman and principal shareholder of Interarms, the most successful of the small-arms hucksters, with his six-storey warehouse in Manchester stacked with 300,000 weapons like bottles in a wine-cellar:

> Here are American Garand rifles first exported to Germany in the 1950s for the first German rearmament. When Germany got more advanced weapons they were bought by Cummings and shipped to Manchester. From there they were shipped to the Philippines to help Moslem rebels financed by Libya. Next door are British Enfields captured by the Japanese in Indo-China, then taken over by the Americans and used in Vietnam, before they were bought by Cummings. Here are some Springfield rifles first supplied to the French in Indo-China in the 1950s. Here are Mausers brought to Taiwan by Chiang Kai-shek in 1949. Over there are German ME42 guns left by Hitler's troops in Greece, Swedish guns made under licence in Egypt and captured by the Israelis, British Sten guns dropped by parachute during the Second War for the French Maquis, American Brownings from the Dominican Republic, Belgian Mausers from Venezuela, American M16s from the Chilean Army . . .

And what has happened to the five billion dollars' worth of American toys left in Vietnam – 800,000 M16s, 600 M48 tanks, 100 self-propelled guns worth a million dollars apiece, 73 Northrop Tiger fighters? Who shall be persuaded to pick them up in the bargain basement?

This is Anthony Sampson's proposition: are the killing-dealers now out of control? Must Western economies still depend for their prosperity on selling guns, and is bribery inseparable from the arms-bazaar? Can we ever learn how much *we*, both traders and government, connive at this corrupt and cynical market? The answer is: yes, we shall sell arms, and no, we shall not be told – unless this valuable book stirs something up, which I doubt. The World Establishment has ridden harder knocks than this.

Paul Johnson

Pumps

Radical Joe: A Life of Joseph Chamberlain
by DENIS JUDD *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
Lloyd George: The Goat in the Wilderness
by JOHN CAMPBELL *Cape* £10

By one of those happy accidents which occasionally forces reviewers to think, the conjunction of these two books has produced several reflections about the impact of political personalities on events, and *vice versa*. Joe Chamberlain and Lloyd George had much more in common than either would have readily admitted. Both were self-made men who began life comparatively poor and became rich. Both were radicals in the sense that they rejected the established political conventions of their day, even if they were prepared to manipulate them when they found it convenient. Both succeeded in transforming the parliamentary climate completely, Chamberlain by smashing up the old Whig-Liberal Party and carrying over the manufacturing interest to the Tories, Lloyd George by operating as a Trojan horse within the Liberal ranks, splitting them completely and so materially assisting Labour to acquire a monopoly of the industrial working-class vote.

Both were men of formidable accomplishments. Joe Chamberlain effectively created the modern British imperial Commonwealth: admittedly it lasted only a short time, as empires go, from the 1890s to 1945, but while it endured it was a pretty impressive phenomenon. Lloyd George can fairly claim to have laid the foundations of the welfare state, now imitated with varying degrees of success all over the world, by reproducing, on a national scale, what Chamberlain had done for Birmingham. Both men were dogged, and had their careers frustrated, by elderly chiefs who refused to retire – Chamberlain by Gladstone and Lloyd George by Asquith. Both ended their lives in failure and bitterness, though in Chamberlain's case the twilight was mercifully brief. Baldwin said at the famous Tory meeting in 1922 that Lloyd George had already split his own party, and must be prevented from splitting the Tories too. But that, as it happened, was exactly what Chamberlain had done. He wrecked the Liberals in 1886 over Ireland, and wrecked the Tories in 1904-05 over tariff reform. True, he never got to No 10. Lloyd George did, but it took a world war to make it possible: he would never have become Prime Minister in peacetime. And, on Chamberlain's behalf, it could be argued that, had the South African war broadened into an international conflict, as it might easily have done, he would very likely have emerged as Prime Minister of a national coalition of the Tories and Liberal Imperialists.

Each of these two books is excellent in its way. Both are based on painstaking burrowings through masses of private papers. In one sense, Mr Judd's achievement is more commendable. There is no worthwhile one-volume life of Joe Chamberlain. The multi-volume official life, written partly by Garvin of the *Observer* and partly by Julian Amery, was composed over more than half a century and inevitably lacks unity of theme and treatment. It is a massive and indispensable work, but it is more a quarry of raw materials – rather like Moneypenny and Buckle on Disraeli – than a work of historical art. Mr Judd has used all the resources of modern scholarship, as well as his own by no means negligible researches, and has contrived to get into less than 300 pages all the essential information about a long, crowded and exceedingly complicated political career. So far as I can tell, nothing

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of any importance is left out, the judgments are shrewd, and the portrait presented is accurate and balanced.

John Campbell's book is 50 pages longer, and he deals only with the wretched phase of Lloyd George's career which began when he ceased to be Prime Minister in 1922. Unlike Mr Judd, then, he is not confronted with the formidable organisational problems of cramming an enormous public life into a manageable compass. On the contrary, he has set himself the even more difficult task of spinning out 20 years of nothingness into a worthwhile book. His method is ingenious. His proposition is that Lloyd George, though out of office, was in fact one of the most important British politicians between the wars because it was the reactions (chiefly hostile) to his menacing presence of the actual PMs, such as MacDonald and Baldwin, which often influenced policy. Moreover, Lloyd George had worked out the answers, at least to Britain's economic problems, and had they been applied Britain's inter-war performance would not have been so feeble.

This plausible thesis is presented in considerable detail, and with the aid of much recently published evidence, cunningly deployed. Mr Campbell writes very well indeed, and his book is one of the cleverest I have read for some time. But the thesis will not bear the weight of the emphasis he places upon it. It is true that both MacDonald and Baldwin feared and hated Lloyd George, and to a superficial extent occasionally allowed their antipathy to influence their actions. But after the election of September 1924, when the Liberals were finished, the risk of a Lloyd George comeback was never very great; he had money and organisation – and his own genius – but no parliamentary base worth considering. He looked quite formidable just before the election campaign of 1929, but that demonstrated once and for all that the British people were not interested in him: he was just a bit of historical furniture. Of course he had a chance during the August 1931 crisis – who didn't? – which was dashed by his illness. But he would probably not have served in a subordinate capacity, as he made clear to Churchill in 1940, and neither Baldwin nor MacDonald, nor anyone else of any *gravitas*, would willingly have served under him.

Lloyd George's 'Keynsian' solution to Britain's economic problem is now beginning to emerge as one of the great myths of inter-war history, along with Oswald Mosley's celebrated 'memorandum'. Both were basically pump-priming proposals, of a type which Roosevelt was later to apply, with some success, in the US. But, examined closely, what Roosevelt did amounted to very little. Neither the Mosley memorandum nor Lloyd George's own manifestos spelt out in concrete detail precisely how the pump was to be primed in practice, and how the money was to be raised. Both sets of proposals were easily shot down by hard-headed Treasury officials – that, indeed, was why neither was adopted, for Macdonald and Baldwin, with all their faults, were just as anxious to solve the problem of unemployment as anyone else.

Of course, it might have been a different matter if, between 1929 and the early Thirties, the British government had possessed the statutory powers, controls and administrative organisation which had been created during the first world war, and which were recreated after 1939. Their existence, in 1945, was one reason why the Attlee Government was able to maintain full employment in the post-war era, something even Beveridge had thought would be impossible. Lloyd George's ideas, plus the wartime apparatus, might have worked in 1929. But who, as a matter of historical fact, scrapped the wartime apparatus? Why, Lloyd George, between 1918-22, when he was a virtual dictator. Any historian is bound to admire the courage with which Lloyd George faced his endless disappointments in the Twenties and Thirties, and still went on trying. But historians must also note that, when he had the opportunity to act, he made an awful mess of it.

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Peter Conrad

I Should Say

The Good Want Power: An Essay on the Psychological Possibilities of Liberalism
by KATHLEEN NOTT *Cape* £6.50

Kathleen Nott has always been a borderline case. The disputed territory between artistic forms or between the two cultures is her field of operation: she has managed to function as a poet, a novelist, a critic and a philosopher; and as a philosopher her concern has been the boundary of error and imprecision between thought and action. The border in her early book *The Emperor's Clothes* was that between philosophy and literature: that work exposed the aesthetic and intellectual fraudulence of the religious renewal sponsored by Eliot. In *The Good Want Power* the border is dual, and therefore doubly indistinct: straddling philosophy, politics and psychology, this work transmutes philosophical liberalism first into a practical array of political alternatives and then into a penumbra of mental and emotional assumptions.

Miss Nott criticises the distortions which ideas undergo when they cross these borders: politically, philosophical liberals trick themselves into an illiberal reliance on social engineering; emotionally, they lapse into vain messianic wishful-thinking. But Miss Nott's own exposition betrays a similar fault. The liberals she assails distort their principles; she dissolves hers. In becoming a psychological category, liberalism is dissipated into Miss Nott's nebulous personal experience of it, and loses all conceptual identity: her own liberalism, she says, is 'as much a matter of temperament and upbringing as anyone else's, and therefore as undefined'. The immemorial English enmity towards mind is surreptitiously at work here: mixed in personal circumstance and emotional recollection, ideas are loosened into impressions, and philosophy relaxes into autobiography. Kathleen Nott is after all only allegorising her own development, turning a personal case into a portent, like Melvyn Bragg encouraging his innocuous natal village to 'speak for England'.

A homely intellectual confusion makes this modest and pragmatic reliance on the personal case look like arrogance, because the personal case is now the pompous and garrulous source of all value. 'To take into account the human psychological individual means beginning with oneself', Kathleen Nott says. In practice this means that anecdote replaces argument. *The Good Want Power* begins as a grimy autobiographical genre painting in which the author's grandfather secretes the profits from his watchmaking business under the bed, her mother bossily manages a restaurant, and her father performs in smoking concerts. But this emergent novel is prematurely chastened by sociology: just as Miss Nott's forbears are becoming interesting as characters, she reduces them to featureless cases exemplifying a thesis. Novelistic particularity is erased by drab sociological generality: having expertly characterised her mother's frustrated will for power which revenged itself on her domestic servitude by 'weaving painful hillocks on to the inexhaustible basket-loads of huge masculine socks she had to darn', Miss Nott has second thoughts and apologises that 'here I am only concerned with my mother in so far as she was representative of or exceptional in a social structure'.

The book wavers between personal testament and impersonal treatise, and in its formal embarrassment incurs the liabilities of both. Thus personal reaction is passed off as philosophical disagreement. Instead of defending the labour theory of value, Miss Nott pettishly declares that 'people who didn't, or who couldn't and who cannot' appreciate its justice 'strike me as morally obtuse'. Instead of analysing the illiberal solipsism of Romantic thought, she proposes that 'Romanticism, in so far as we are obliged to regard it as an intellectual and moral weakness, may almost be defined as this kind of projection of subjectivity', without explaining why we should feel obliged to blame it in this way. Unfounded idiosyncracy becomes a self-admiring virtue: claiming that literature sometimes declares liberalism to be an impossibility and sometimes disowns it as immature, she nominates as an example of the first case 'Shakespeare, I should say' and of the second 'Wordsworth, I should say'. The personal intrusions make her opinions look merely faddish and unconsidered; but, given the home-made and improvised quality of the philosophising, we're expected to accord a special authority to this amateurish self-reliance, and to accept a misconception about Shakespeare as a brilliant enigmatic insight.

The personal is made to sound porten-

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tous, the impersonal trivial. Miss Nott's social observation can be disarmingly chatty: reflecting on the barbarism of the times, she comments with tongue-clucking vagueness that 'old men and women are mugged in the public parks and th roughfares; little girls and old women are raped and then strangled'. At times the wise woman turns into a wiseacre, deploying culinary proverbs (the history of democracy is 'also the history of omelettes and eggs') or images from the barnyard: Rawls's contractual theories are 'old pigs in new pokes'; Lorenz 'seems to be accepted by his greylag geese as one of themselves'; Marcuse adopts as 'scapesheep' the wretched of the earth.

Determined to resist what she calls the professional 'sales talk' of jargon and exact terminology, Miss Nott's style comes to rely, as these examples indicate, on proverb and cliché, which are the emblems of her dilettantism. Yet this studied simplicity results in some ghastly miscalculations: during Vietnam, the Washington warlords 'ignored the pessimistic reports of their own spies on the ground at what would have been, before napalm, the grassroots'. On another occasion proverb and cliché collide with preposterous results; 'ideology becomes self-fulfilling prophecy – with its tail in its mouth', Miss Nott avers – and goes on, 'We have to stand Marx on *his* feet', only just saving herself from thrusting Marx's foot into ideology's mouth.

Miss Nott is acute about many things, notably aesthetic liberalism: there are excellent passages on the fictionality of the social contract, and on the liberal ethics of the novels of the Twenties. But her rejection of the disciplines of structure and style turns what should have been an incisive statement into protracted maundering. Hers is an English unofficial intellect.

Jonathan Keates

Furtively Twitching

If You Could See Me Now by PETER STRAUB *Cape* £3.95
Facing Death by BRYAN MAGEE *Secker & Warburg* £3.90
Drums for Rancas by MANUEL SCORZA translated by Edith Grossman *William Kimber* £4.95.

American Gothic is one of the most flexible and pervasive of fictional genres. Its apparently deathless fascination, twitching, furtive but robust, has ensured its parasitic survival on some unlikely hosts. Pastoral, for instance, is there to be gorged on, as Orlando blunders off the highway into an Arden of dark, silent conifers, where Rosalind figures as a prurient tomboy, drunken Duke Frederick lunges incestuously at guilt-sodden Celia, and the courtiers lynch Jaques on suspicion of rape.

Wild-eyed backwoods weirdness indeed dominates *If You Could See Me Now*. Peter Straub's third novel initially deceives by the familiarity of its opening formula: the bourgeois narrator is pitched against a conspiracy of silence among inhabitants of a farming community rocked by a sequence of killings. Apple-pie cosiness on every level, however, is quickly eroded. Miles Teagarden, steeped in useless campus apprehensions, is tossed with dour brutality round a circle of folk whose cult of the normal is interestingly offset by a tendency to maul and harry their wretchedly obtuse victim at every turn. His cousin Alison's childhood promise to 'come after' him, made minutes before her murder, reaches sinister fulfilment when Miles's Eng. Lit. sophistications crumble against a barrage of impenetrable surliness and suspicion, and the valley reverberates with death.

Straub is good at slick manipulation of pace, punctuating the story with chunks of police statement (whose unlettered authenticity doesn't come without a rueful laugh or two), and he has an equally nifty way with rustic grotesques. In a place where everyone is either broodily insane or explicitly nasty, Miles preserves a paradoxical equanimity, as Alison's spooking reaches its height. Crisp, classy buggaboo, this, full of neatly managed understatements and chillingly calculated surprises.

Bryan Magee's novel is rather like one of those pieces of deserted building which vanity, whim or misplaced philanthropy have raised in various parts of the world. When we stumble upon the city of Fatehpur Sikhri, the convent-palace of Mafra, the fortress-town of Sabbioneta or the Victor Emmanuel Monument, we are amazed not so much at incidental beauty or ghastliness as that these things should exist at all, and in such profusion. *Facing Death* has the same lifeless echoes and the same mocking vastness.

With an earnestness worthy of the Prince Consort, the author tackles the job of chronicling a slow death from Hodgkin's disease for his hero John Smith, a name which thuds with paradigmatic significance on to the surface of a narrative already swamped with debate and speculation on such gravid subjects as What is Art and What is Life. Having reduced his plot (John falls sick, meets and marries Eva, they have a son, John dies) to the sort of minimum that suggests either bored impatience or a perverse wish to snub the reader, and defined his characters by a simple neo-Balzacian method of social pigeon-holing, he can concentrate, at what thus seems inordinate length, on areas which have little to do with the tiresome business of making up a story. Naïvely, perhaps, I had always thought that an interest in philosophy guaranteed a concern with meaning: Magee, once so succinct on Popper, proves me wrong, with his flatly embarrassing style, full of deadening paragraph-openers ('In Hampstead John and Eva built up a new life') and sedimentary cliché. Take Mahler's Third Symphony, says one character beginning a chapter. Take five hundred lines, Magee.

But then, take Latin America. Given the gravitational pull of Paris on its [illegible] writers, wooed by the blandishments of Gauche guerrilla chic, its [illegible] arid preoccupations with [illegible] which has almost poleaxed [illegible] is, to say the least, encouraging. Manuel Scorza, yet another Peruvian in Salvador Allende's cultural is the find of the week, [illegible] qualities, amounting to a [illegible] original talent, defy categorising.

The first of [illegible] to be published in Britain, *Drums for Rancas*, colours a grim chronicle [illegible] takeover of a remote Andean province by an American mining company with [illegible] of an ironic fantasy which at first seems powerfully at odds with the author's claim to be 'not a novelist so much as a witness'. Such a pose, arch or self-deprecating, has underscored the best and worst of Scorza's testimony is, in any case, [illegible] the sort that merely reports. From its curious and seemingly [illegible] opening, in which a village magistrate picks up the coin he has dropped in the square a year previously, to its closing colloquy between the buried corpses of rebel villagers, the book, whose focus is on Rancas itself rather than on centrally-placed protagonists, handles people and events in a style that absorbingly balances flippant observation against sudden flashes of imagery and an inclusive, almost [illegible] of larger conflicts. Rancas, however, is [illegible] unidealised as its people face the encroachments of the company's barbed-wire fence, maniacally cannibalising the surrounding ranches; and richly funny and deft though its complexities are, the [illegible] in its avoidance of polemic or facile heroics, makes for sour reading.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Survival Manual

Hedda Gabler *Duke of York's*
Fair Slaughter *Royal Court*
Old Movies *Cottesloe*
Divinas Palabras *Lyttelton*

Anyone who saw Janet Suzman as Masha in *The Three Sisters* recently will agree that she's a remarkably complete performer, red-blooded disproof of the old dogma that those of our actresses who don't have sofa stuffing for brains must have bodies of papier maché. But Hedda Gabler has only irritation with her husband in common with Masha, and is in all respects a stingier, more inhibited character, an unavoidable distinction that accounts, I suspect, for some of my fellow-hacks' present disappointment with Miss Suzman. A Hedda that flung about the stage, gesticulating like a six-armed Indian goddess, simply wouldn't be Hedda, and accusations of 'flat' or 'understated' ignore Ibsen's character and deny Miss Suzman's right to interpret it according to the evidence. 'I had danced myself to a standstill,' she lightly declares, explaining her improbable marriage, 'my time was up'; and we believe her. This Hedda has reached the fag-end of her life and knows it. She fully recognises her lack of inner or outer resource, her inability to influence others in any positive way, her bleak prospects. Quite early on, she stands in front of the drawing-room mirror with a gun at her head, as if posing for a painter: she has no reason for soldiering on – why not end now, with a grand, histrionic gesture?

Renunciation is not, of course, the most exciting or dramatic thing to watch; and if Miss Suzman had reduced her performance to a dour survival manual, the theatrical equivalent of those packs of Bovril tablets and dry biscuits designed to sustain crashed fliers, there would obviously be reason to object. So would there be if she was often as casual and inaudible as she is with Hedda's well-known response to her husband's discovery that his professor's chair isn't to be nabbed from beneath him: 'do please leave me out of it.' But I found my attention riveted by this elegant, rather masculine woman, with her restlessness and her ironic laughter, her mockery and self-mockery, her feelings of claustrophobia and suffocation, her dread of pregnancy, her sudden and irresistible stabs of exasperation, and her evident obsession with her father, whose portrait hangs poised above the action. Suzman's Hedda is very much General Gabler's daughter, a fine, proud girl forced by circumstances to face her own emptiness, a svelte vase with dry cinders rattling inside it: a chilling instance of human waste.

David Essinger's adaptation is over-colloquial and over-emphatic, but Keith Hack's production seems unobtrusive enough to be recommended to those coming fresh to the play. Any such innocent will certainly get more than the rest of us out of the moment when Hedda hands Lovborg the fatal pistol, because it is cleverly (and, in my experience, originally) suggested that it may in fact be his missing manuscript she's hiding behind her back. The shock of revelation is thus much the stronger. Ian Bannen makes a bland, smug Brack, Jonathan Kent's Lovborg isn't my idea of a roaring boy, and Rosemary McHale seems too shrill and nervy for Thea Elsted, too little the devoted plodder who, a few moments after hearing of her lover's death, can sit down and piece together his literary jottings; but, as if to compensate, John Shrapnel is the best Tesman I've seen, a merciful change from the weedy, yellowing scrap of human parchment to which tradition has accustomed us. One has met him before, the admired undergraduate who never quite fulfils his promise, the don biting back his jealousy at a faculty meeting: a bit gauche and insensitive where the wider world is concerned, and more comfortable with his pipe than with women, but the backbone of academia, well able to bully a backward student or hold his own at high table. When, I wonder, did you last feel that Hedda might reasonably have married Tesman, believing him capable of great things? Mr Shrapnel's energetic, confident, peppery performance persuades us that this apparent excrescence is in fact perfectly possible.

I seem to be sadly at odds with my more admirable colleagues this week, at least two of whom have managed to invoke *Lear* in the same breath as Howard Barker's *Fair Slaughter*. Perhaps it is I, not they, who have fed on the insane root; but I must admit to finding this an awkward, callow piece, implausible as a record of character or a political allegory or anything else. Max Wall, that splendid stand-up comic over whose very limited acting talent it is fashionable to coo, plays a doddering communist, long incarcerated for murder; Nick Edmett is the same character in his younger, fiercer days; John Thaw is the prison warder who sets out for Mother Russia with Wall, there to bury the old man's pet relic, the pickled hand of Trotsky's train-driver; and John Matthews is the upper-crust booby and bandit who criss-crosses the others' faltering lives. We end with Wall relenting towards the now senile Matthews, and Thaw moving savagely in for the kill, spouting Leninist venom: a moment with fairly obvious implications. There's a new generation on the Left which finds its precursors sentimental and squeamish, and is likely to be far tougher when it comes to destroying a decrepit, corrupt system, like our own. This may be true, but the play offers little in the way of human, social or political evidence to persuade us of it, which is presumably why it left me floundering somewhere between a yawn and a shrug.

Well, I suppose it's better than being marooned on the yawn, roughly my predicament at the National last week. Bill Bryden's *Old Movies* is dreadfully lacking in dramatic momentum. It idles along, part elegy for the Hollywood of yesteryear, part critique of showbiz as a whole, and, well before a portentous ending, has drifted from its author's quivering fingers. E. G. Marshall plays the B-stream mogul who starts by hectoring his underlings in the approved manner ('keep a low profile on the integrity, willya?'), but softens so relentlessly it's surprising no one pushes his stomach to see if he squeaks; and Fulton MacKay is a monotonous Scots updating of William Faulkner, boozing, wenching, and impressing the company with high-toned memories, such as the boxing match which was 'like seeing the Mantegna Christ for the first time'. Meanwhile, in the Lyttelton, we have the Nuria Espert Company from Madrid conducted by Victor Garcia at his most manic, which, God knows, is manic enough.

Imagine a foreigner being introduced to Shakespeare by the Brook *Dream*. Now imagine something hairier still: the language-locked English trying to come to terms with the sardonic realism of Inclan's *Divinas Palabras* with the help of a production that evokes peasant life by bringing on fast-talking gymnasts in shifts to frisk with a hospital trolley beside banks of organ pipes with trumpets protruding from them. This is a production for the Spanish sophisticate, who knows author and play well; and even he may balk at the more miscalculated extravagances.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Yokel Colour

I don't suppose that Anglia Television often gets the chance to announce that 'this programme is being transmitted in other parts of the world' or even, come to that, in other parts of anywhere but Norfolk. So it was perhaps in a correct spirit of exasperation with its yokellish image that the company dreamed up *Alternative Three* – a stylishly made 'Science Report' on the dreadful shape of things to come. Originally meant to go out on 1 April, it somehow didn't – no doubt another kindling rebuff from the networks.

Envy is the mimic's soundest spur, and the men of Anglia have spent many a sour evening, I've no doubt, watching more glamorous companies pursue their 'real' investigations. Here was a non-investigation but with all the investigative cliches on parade and some well-regulated sf inven-

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tiveness on hand to give them the necessary pseudo-substance. The mimicry was excellent. We had the restrained but determined alarmism of the presenter (once a real life newsreader, Tim Brinton); the challengingly rattled-out confusion of diagrams and statistics; the obsessive on-the-spot pictorialising of every 'fact' that is contended – 'here is the actual telephone box from which the vital call was made', 'here is the exact car-park in which the fatal car was found abandoned', and so on. There was also a rigged street interview with an informant (hidden cameras in watching cars, kerchief microphones, the lot) and some crude handheld intrusiveness upon a baffled innocent.

All this, together with snippets of interviews with tear-stained relatives and snooty experts, and some wobbly moon-walk footage, added up to a decently sardonic parody of how television normally persuades us that something has been proved. The Anglia joke was to employ all the routine hard-investigative styles in service of an idle fantasy: that the powers-that-be are stocking up Mars with superior humans so that Life will continue even after the Earth has choked on its own fumes. Neil Armstrong *et al* were just a PR job to distract us from what's really going on up there, and brain-drain candidates often end up travelling far further than they'd bargained.

A nice spoof, done with engaging zest, one thought – but happily no one will be dumb enough to wonder if it's true. Next morning, with scoop-size front page banners, the *Express* reported hideously jammed switchboards, and a shock-wave of indignation that rippled all the way to – was it? – darkest Norfolk.

As if knowing that it was about to redeem itself, Anglia had the night before *Alternative Three* proffered a John Braine play of near-insulting awfulness. The plot was, needless to say, the only one Braine knows, but it was enfeebled further here by cumbersome direction and performances (aside from Moira Redmond's) of quite daunting amateurishness. There was one point of interest for connoisseurs of telly-mannerisms: it is becoming obligatory for flashbacks that reach into pre-colour epochs to be done in black and white. It's truer, somehow, don't you find? Certainly, it's cheaper.

As if to heal any wounds opened by Angela Pope's combative tour of comprehensive horrors earlier this year, *Panorama* (BBC-1) last week constructed an excessively tame bid for an unbiased view of the thorny topic. Moaning by teachers about overcrowding, about the difficulty of coping with 'mixed ability' classes, about lack of sympathy from anti-authoritarian parents and so on, was balanced by many a jaunty anecdote about how rotten pupils were in pre-comprehensive days and indeed for as long ago as anyone could remember. There was also, for our reassurance, the unmistakably keen light of thwarted idealism to be found shining from every teacher's eye, and a genuine wish on the part of all concerned to settle for almost anything short of the sack. The dole queues are full of born teachers who long for the chance to educate kids who are quickly cottoning on to the fact that the dole queues are full of born teachers.

Films

John Coleman

Ryan's Slaughter

A Bridge Too Far (A) *Leicester Square Theatre; Odeon, Marble Arch*
The Streetwalker (X) *Scene 4; Soho Cinema; Filmcenta; ABCs Bayswater and Fulham Road*
Garm Hava – Hot Winds (A) *Phoenix*
Film from the Clyde *The Other Cinema*
Mr Hulot's Holiday (U) *Odeon, Kensington; from 26 June, Odeon, Swiss Cottage*

Is there still a market for war as entertainment? Clearly Joe Levine thinks so, having poured a chilling $25m. into the movie version of Cornelius Ryan's *A Bridge Too Far*. For me, this is a film too many before it starts: another broad-canvas account of a huge, muddled last-war enterprise. Operation Market Garden aimed to drop 35,000 British and American paras behind the German lines in occupied Holland in September 1944, with a view to hastening the end of hostilities. I haven't read Ryan's book, reported as painstaking in detail: William Goldman's screenplay seems to suffer from the by now anticipated faults of simplification and stereotyping. It may well be that war, among its other evils, brings out national and class characteristics in their most rabid forms; but I felt, a reel or so into this three-hour holocaust, that if another beaming or tight-lipped English officer referred to the approaching op as a 'party' the silent scream welling inside me would burst forth, adding a disgrace note to the thunderous fun.

To do Richard Attenborough – who directed – justice, both he and his second unit director, Sidney Hayers, show some awareness that old Market Garden was a giant cock-up from beginning to end: only Monty, at some distance from the action, was able to talk of the outcome – in which Major General Urquhart, for instance, lost four-fifths of his men – as a 90 per cent success. 'He did for them all with his plan of attack'? Not just he, on the film's evidence. Top-secret plans were found in a crashed glider and only the stupidity of a German high-up prevented them from being taken as genuine. Communications broke down because radios had the wrong crystals. There was fog when there should have been sun, wind when calm was needed. Where were the boats and why were Allied supplies amiably dropped on the Germans? The Charge of the Light Brigade should be reinstated as a howling triumph besides this sorry mess.

Still, Mr Levine's money is seen to have been spent. The crew was all-British and the big set-pieces are mounted with stunning technical address: the glider-towing planes roaring overhead, the sky suddenly blooming with hundreds of parachutes, the town of Arnhem being methodically blown to bits, a Bailey bridge miraculously growing against murderous odds. All the military bigwigs are readily identifiable, even if one tends to forget their silly old wartime names: there is Lieutenant-General Bogarde, sorry, Browning, saying the title of the event in extenuation at the close; here comes that awkward Polish officer, Gene Hackman, scowling again; Edward Fox is always good for an up-cheering laugh (as someone called Horrocks, who appears among several professional advisers in the credits); and Sean Connery and Ryan O'Neal and Michael Caine never seem to know they're on the losing side. Incidentally, Major Robert Redford is held back for so long I thought he'd deserted. My favourite gritted-teeth line is this: 'The general's a bit scratchy today, sir, but it's nothing personal. When we dropped, I think he cracked his spine.'

Everything else this week perforce looks a shade tame. Walerian Borowczyk's *The Streetwalker*, drawn from chic André Pieyre de Mandiargues's Prix Goncourt novel, *La Marge*, and starring Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel and Joe (*Blow Job*) Dallesandro, is probably the liveliest alternative viewing for those who set love above war: though, come to think of it, love has little to do with this laughably seamy item. Dallesandro is Sigismond Pons, taking a few days' sabbatical from his lovely missus, last seen with mimosa in her pubic hair. Kristèl is the fateful Rue St Denis whore who proves his comeuppance. They have a nice scene with a couple of hard boiled eggs. Constant loud pop music stopped me dropping off.

To be treated with authentic respect is the four-year-old *Garm Hava*, a first feature by the Indian director M. S. Sathyu. At 135 minutes it is too long, even if one would find difficulty in further compressing its extremely complicated plot (hard to believe that the script is 'from an unpublished short story'). The complexity lies in the twisty genealogical relationships. I still hadn't got the monkey-puzzle of a family tree sorted out when it ended. Rendered down, the tale centres round the progressive misfortunes which overtake a Muslim, Salim Mirza (nobly played by Balraj Sahni in his farewell performance), and his kin at the time of independence, in 1947, when the partition of India and Pakistan took place. There is a particularly glowing performance from Gita as his ill-fated daughter, Amina. Finally ruined, ageing Salim decides to join his son in a demonstration rather than flee to Pakistan. The finest moments are generally when Mr Sathyu keeps his camera on the minutiae of family life: there is vitality in the specific and strange. He is less successful in some fancier flights: a lovers' tryst on the river, an abruptly vulgar cut at the old mother's death, an uneasy deployment of flashbacks. This is one of the very few cases that come to mind of a film that would benefit from some preparatory homework: maybe a reading of the lengthy synopsis afforded us reviewers. Of course a criticism is implicit here. There has never been the same order of obscurity in a work from Satyajit Ray.

Cinema Action's *Film from the Clyde* comes strongly recommended by our sometime political correspondent, Neal Ascherson; is 'about' the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders' work-in and its aftermath; and aims to be used as a political tool itself, provoking discussion and, ideally, more action. For my

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pennysworth. [illegible] been more effective had it devoted [illegible] its footage to the repetitive talk [illegible] workers, more to explaining what's [illegible] *Mr Hulot's Holiday*, with a [illegible] sequence inserted and more [illegible] English on the sound-track, is the welcome first of four Tati re-launchings to be given country-wide release. It is as delicious as ever.

Rock Music

Plymouth Punk

It was 7.45 p.m. Plymouth Sound was bathed in pink evening light. Senior citizens dozed on the sea-front beaches, watching the multi-coloured sails to the finish of a Jubilee regatta. Only half a mile away from the somnolence of the Hoe, the punks were creeping out of the darker corners of town, and converging on the Top Rank Suite, one of Plymouth's seedy temples of rock. They were coming to hear the Talking Heads and the Ramones, highly acclaimed 'new wave' bands from New York. There was an aroma of safety-pin violence in the air. The Top Rank stands on the edge of a large bomb-site and a desolate Thirties council estate, at the east end of Union Street, the sailors' favourite strip, with the highest concentration of pubs and drinking clubs anywhere in England. From a distance, it was not easy to tell the punks' closely-cropped hair from the many naval crew-cuts, but closer inspection revealed the dedicated followers of fashion had dressed much more carefully, highly conscious of striking the right stylistic note. The genuine article was in a definite minority, surrounded by demi-punks, left-overs from the denimed Woodstock era, and dreary examples of clerical chic in ill-fitting perms, terylene clothes and passé platform heels. Most of them had come up to watch the freak show, to catch up on the *new thing*.

The bouncers at the door, sure-fire Sinatra fans with greased-back hair, posing tough in their slightly faded electric blue suits, gave the incoming delinquents a visual frisk. Inside, the Suite, with its two bars, hamburger hatch and horseshoe of bakelite tables round a dance-floor and tiny stage, was wholly functional in decor. It was fairly dark, and Rank must have figured that it did not matter too much if the paint was peeling off the walls. The cadaverous disc-jockey, a plastic punk dressed out of the fashion pages of *Honey*, was providing a continuous stream of new wave sounds: the Clash, Damned, Jam, Vibrators, Stranglers, Cortinas and Buzzcocks – the frantic music of deranged zombies, with high-speed drumming and the machine-gun clatter of guitars. The kids sat around looking bored, while the punks, mostly male, conglomerated, proudly showing off their meticulously torn T-shorts, drain-pipe trousers, ear-rings and appropriate [illegible]

At about 9.30 [illegible] the Clash's vicious dole-queue anthem *Career Opportunities*, the relatively empty dance floor suddenly filled with strangely bouncing figures. All the punks, who had been solemnly parading about, came alive: they were 'pogo-dancing', a more crazed and aggressive version of flower power's ecstatic 'idiot dance'. As the lights strobed in time to the thumping music, they jumped around anarchically, occasionally bumping into each other, and falling over. They hopped around like kangaroos on ECT, their arms seemingly dislocated, waving about in all directions. This was the great moment of release from the unbearable boredom of the factory line and dole queue, the 'royal' jubilation of the blank generation. Outside the Suite, Plymouth – the identikit post-blitz planner's dream, with its faultless one-way system and vast shopping precincts – slept on. Here at the Top Rank, the punks were plugging into the latest form of sublimation for their communal *ennui*.

Most of the dancing stopped when the Talking Heads came on: light-years away from England's blank generation, with their Rhode Island Institute of Art background and New York's cultural seal of approval, but appealing to the Plymouth punks because of their minimalist approach and staccato rhythms. A large group of male fans stood as close to the stage as possible, transfixed by bass-player Tina Weymouth's lunatic stare. Close behind the front row of gapers, surrounded by tip-toeing enthusiasts, a punk couple sat on two ugly Top Rank chairs, nodding their heads to the deafening music. The man wore a regulation ripped T-shirt and bizarrely shaped white-rimmed dark glasses, and his green-haired companion a transparent green plastic mac. While her boyfriend went off to buy some chips, the punk siren grabbed hold of a passing leather-jacketed delinquent, pulled him down on to the recently vacated chair next to her, climbed onto his knees, and proceeded to kiss him with punkish passion, almost choking him with her tongue. Her boyfriend soon returned with a plate of very greasy chips which he gulped down on the adjoining chair. The wild kissing continued, seemingly spurred on by the gathering frenzy on stage. Pogo-dancers hopped past, and the fans dithered between watching the very attractive derangement of Tina the bass-player and the tawdry spectacle on the chair. As the Talking Heads reached the climax to their set, the punk boyfriend, who had finished his chips, quietly stubbed out his cigarette on the back of his rival's jacket. He got no response, so belched, got up and pogo-danced away into the crowd.

When the Ramones came on at midnight, with their individual brand of stomping monotony, the crowd went wild, a sea of arms shooting up on each pounding beat. The punk communion was in full swing, the decibels blasting them all into blissful oblivion. The streets outside were quiet, the rest of Plymouth nicely tucked up in council house, boarding house and semi-detached. The cold wind blew down from Dartmoor, whistling through the vast and empty shopping centres. Outside the Top Rank, the police waited for the punks – but no arrests would be needed, as the pogo-dance had taken place: the energy had all been spent.

Opera

Eric Sams

Stout Party

Falstaff *Glyndebourne; further performances on 24, 26, 28 June, 3, 7, 11, 15, 17, 23, 25, 28 July, and 1, 4, 6 August*

Some rate this the most comic of operas, with a libretto that improves on Shakespeare. To me, the comedy looks rather black, as if in mourning for all that love lost and weight gained. The plot too is arguably cold and clumsy. Falstaff is sexually humiliated in Act Two, and then sexually humiliated all over again in Act Three. Even his name suggests anti-climax, in a typical bawdy pun; collapse of stout party. And it's hard to imagine any more doleful double rebuff than being stuffed among dirty linen one day and assaulted by fairies the next. Yet such is the vigour of Verdi's invention that these repeated defeats are made to sound like comic variety and good news, broadcast on a continuous crackling carrier-wave of hilarity.

Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's 1976 production, rehearsed by Julian Hope, cleverly exploits its own medium; but rather at the expense of the message, which I take to be Sir John in love. A credible tradition ascribes this theme to a command from the first Elizabeth. If so, it took some three centuries to find fulfilment. *The Merry Wives* is more word-play than love-play, and its anti-hero pursues the ladies for their purses rather than their persons. But Verdi in his 80th year knew which impulse remains the more vital at the end of the day. The Falstaff embodied in his score has admirable motives, designed to squeeze the last lingering drops of sweetness out of a wicked old sponger. Thus the melodic lines of the love-letter, though perhaps meant as grandiloquent self-parody, encompass all the passion of an Othello. The recurring music of Nanetta and Fenton suggests Falstaff's quest for his own lost youth, when kisses were all flame and flower (as the lovers engagingly sing). Even so bloated a bear can grow almost lank with longing for the honey-pot; hence his lilting sigh for past slenderness in *Quand'ero paggio*.

I felt that some of those marvellous moments were muted, while incidental or even trivial detail was emphasised. If so, both failings can be traced to the same root cause. Sight and sound were used in two different senses. The musical direction of John Pritchard successfully strove to present a continuous seamless unity, while the stage production insisted on a display of separate underlinings. For example, in the brilliant first act finale the ensemble divides into two quartets, men and women, who gabble excitedly about their various involvements in the plot. Meanwhile, as if to show that love remains the deep central theme, Fenton is left between these two chattering groups to intone the slow melodies of his own private dreams and yearnings. Yet here he

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is made to dominate the entire stage, thus forcing the action to wear its heart on its sleeve and turning Verdi inside-out in the process. Again, in the famous Windsor Park scene the 12 differently harmonised chords embodying Falstaff's midnight hopes and fears were turned into a mangled chime by an inept gimmick.

Whenever the eyes and ears were catered for together, there was a real feast. To lead off the fugal finale, for instance, the entry of each voice coincided with the entry of the character on stage; and that tang of theatre marinaded in music, making the scene heard, is the essence of opera. But more often the joint fare seemed to have been separately prepared. The LPO's playing, though very well done, was still not always tender enough for my taste, while the production was, in parts at least, unpalatably over-seasoned. Between the two, the singers sometimes sounded rather unsettled. Renato Capecchi as Falstaff was effective enough and, despite some lack of resonance above the stave, often impressive. But he needed the time and the tempi to relax and unbutton so as to be really comfortable in the part. On the first night he impersonated rather than identified. That could not be said of Nucci Condò. She was Quickly without delay; and because she became her part, it became her. The Fenton, Max-René Cosotti, sang agreeably of love, but he would have sounded more heartfelt with less head-tone. The American baritone Brent Ellis gave an excellent account of a very taxing role. The jealous husband Ford may have been the part that Shakespeare himself played before his sovereign. Those masochistically self-tormenting tones resound from the great plays and the sonnets; and Verdi's matching music threatens to burst the frame of the opera as well as the singer. The required intensity was tempered with the necessary restraint; a considerable artistic achievement.

Bernard Dickerson's Bardolph, Ugo Trama's Pistol, and John Fryatt's Dr Caius were also effective portrayals, dramatically as well as vocally. As the merry wives, Reni Penkova (Meg) and Teresa Cahill (Alice) were spiritedly sportive and conspiratorial. The latter's culminating high C capped an enjoyable if not yet outstanding performance of a masterly score composed of wisdom and love in the C major of this life. So of course the distinguished-looking audience was mightily enthused. But I saw some thoughtful expressions, especially among the weightier gentry. They were perhaps reflecting, with Shallow, that 'though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, we have some salt of youth in us', and speculating on how best to restore the savour. After all, the evening's entertainment had presented an age problem, a drink problem, a sex problem and a weight problem; which reinforces my initial point that such a comedy is no laughing matter.

Music

Andrew Clements

Well-Oiled

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra *Royal Festival Hall*

Since he heard Klemperer conduct the *Eroica* for the last time at the Festival Hall, a friend of mine hasn't listened to that symphony. The memory has to be preserved for as long as possible, untarnished by lesser interpretations. No one is likely to gain such complete satisfaction from a Karajan performance: whatever his virtues as a conductor (and they are considerable), an abundance of spirituality isn't among them. Look at the music in which he excels – Richard Strauss (a composer with a pool of sentimentality in place of a heart, according to Hans Keller), Prokofiev and Shostakovitch symphonies, the lightweight 19th century showpieces – not a repertoire to elevate the soul. Paradoxically it's in Bruckner and Tchaikovsky that the well-oiled parts fit together with something more than incomparable precision and refinement; he conducts those composers better than anyone else alive. Yet it was strange that throughout the Mahler revival of the Sixties he remained aloof; while the record companies busily acquired their cycles, Deutsche Grammophon turned to Kubelik rather than Karajan to supply theirs. This was frustrating, for on the face of it, he has many of the virtues required of a Mahler conductor – the ability to grasp and sustain large-scale symphonic structures, a plasticity of phrase and dynamic, and above all perhaps supreme control of the world's finest orchestra.

Only in the last few years has Karajan begun to take some of the Mahler symphonies under his wing. A partially successful recording of the Fifth was issued two years ago, to be followed by ravishing versions of *Das Lied von der Erde* and the *Rückert Lieder*. The case for him as a Mahler conductor was not proven. But this year he's turned his attention to the Sixth, a much more searching test; its unrelenting tragedy can easily become bathetic in the wrong hands. Solti, for instance, so desperate to avoid lingering, presses too insistently; his last Festival Hall performance was simply irritating. What course did Karajan take? He certainly found a middle way, but the result was of no impact at all – no sense of exhilaration, no irritation, no anything. As a presentation of the elements of the score it was quite exemplary, not a note out of place, every line crystalline and distinct, every climax precisely calculated. As an interpretation, it fell a long way short.

The tempi he chose were chiefly to blame. The opening movement was launched at a speed which completely ignored the *ma non troppo* qualification to the *Allegro energico* marking; although the movement remained strongly coherent as result, it lost much of its doom-ridden power. More disastrously, it destroyed the contrast with the scherzo which immediately follows. Instead of the omnipresent 'fate' motif suddenly appearing speeded up, it just seemed like a varied repeat of the opening of the symphony. And although Karajan released a flood of string tone at the climax of the Andante, it couldn't recapture the momentum the movement had totally lost in the middle section – a surprising miscalculation for a conductor usually so careful to proportion his performances.

Whatever the merits of the interpretation, however, an evening listening to the Berlin Philharmonic can never be a waste of time. To hear that orchestra launch itself into the opening of the symphony with such weight of tone, or to hear the finesse of its playing in the slow movement, was to be reminded of the gulf between even our best orchestras and the BPO. I trust the rapturous reception for the symphony was at least as much for the orchestra as for its conductor.

Ted Hughes

Bullfinches

A mournful note, a crying note,
A single tin-whistle half-note, insistent
Echoed by another
Slightly bluer with a brief distance,
In March, in the draughty, dripping orchard.

And again, and again – and the echo prompt.
Bullfinch is melancholy.

Bullfinch wants us to feel a cold air, a shivery sadness,
And to pity him in his need,
In the poverty start of the year, the hungry end,
Too early
In his Persian plum-plush wedding regalia
Above bleak, virginal daffodils.

He wants us to feel protective
At least for as long as it takes him
To strip every tree of its bud-blossom

To pack a summerful of apple-power
Under his flaming shirt.

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Weekend Competition

No 2469 Set by Jules the Rook

At the Simon Fraser University, Vancouver, British Columbia, the degree in journalism includes a course on the NS; students, we understand, are heard to argue hotly at their tutorials over the rival merits of the back half and the front. What on earth can their exam papers be like? Set up to five questions; by 8 July.

Result of No 2466 Set by E. O. Parrott

Roy Fuller wrote a poem about collecting his free bus pass. We asked for other examples of this genre.

Report by Jack Degree

Many of you have been writing in with polite queries about the disposition of the comp complex. Well, the complex occupies all but the ground floor of the NS conurbation, comprising, oh, I don't know, four or five hundred distinct units, each of them ordered in punitively hierarchial fashion. The first floor, where the entries are received, is a teeming, Kafka-esque warren, peopled by apathetic tea-boys, surly runners and bickering clerks; here, too, disgruntled competitors, with their doomed inquiries and vetoed petitions, are made to sit about in unheated rooms waiting for the appearance of imaginary officials. On the second floor, the likes of Fat Jeff and Little Keith shuffle, hedge and toady about their business, weeding the entries, discussing bribes and blandishments, and generally seeing to their own socio-sexual self-betterment. On the third, you will find rather grander figures like Len the Unlucky, The Lemon Kid, etc, who capriciously sift and grade the better entries (the atmosphere here is sleepy, rarefied; these men will not be hurried; they are dreamers, loners, poets). On Friday morning, picked flunkeys ride the scenic elevator to the penthouse of Spiro Keats, bearing the hallowed comp casket (if the comp is good, the flunkeys will be rewarded, and handsomely; if it is bad, well . . .). I must in honesty report that no one has actually *seen* Spiro Keats for some years now. It was after the failure of his EEC Referendum campaign that Keats decided to turn his back on public life (Spiro's dream it was to expel all countries *except* Britain from the Community. Ah well). He is an imperious master, often harsh, sometimes cruel – but, we think, a fair one. We hope you think so too.

As for this week's comp, those of you who chose to write on Milton's blindness were clearly tangling with tough opposition. Otherwise, a sprightly, above-average entry. £6 each.

Dear Sirs, Will you kindly cancel them specs I'm after waitin fifteen years for? Listen till I explain. I wanted to write novels like Elinor Glyn but me eyesight failed, so I ordered bifocals on the National Health and started writin while I waited. I couldn't see worth a damn and got me spellin all wrong and put in a lot of daft lookin words. Every time I looked away I lost me place so I got me syntax wrong. I finished me novel at last and it was a scandal, with the fools of critics sayin I'd a new style on me and it sellin, begob. So I'm not after complainin and I'm stayin, as I am, so you can keep your bifocals or give them to some fella that hasn't had my luck. I dictated this letter to Nora, in case you're wonderin. Yours truly, J. Joyce.

PETER ALEXANDER

Betjeman at the Post Office

Fridays, when I draw my pension,
Thoughts I hardly dare to mention
Deep inside of me uncoil;
Through the grille I gaze so sweetly
At Miss Fanshawe, who – how neatly! –
Rubber-stamps my counterfoil.

Brisk the business, bright the glancing,
Slow the lengthy queue advancing
In our High Street GPO;
No room here for doubt or failure,
'What's the airmail to Australia?'
Trust my blue-eyed girl to know.

Senior citizen I may be
But my Civil Service baby
Telescopes the years between;
As she hands the money to me
Half-forgotten lust runs through me –
Senex becomes seventeen.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Pope applies for a pair of super-platforms

Altho' my verses soaringly transcend
All others in this generation penn'd,
I limp with but a poetaster's stride –
My prowess by my stature still belied.
Raise me, O Bounteous State, to that degree,
Where merit may with inches equal be.
My *real* height with theirs may then conform –
I, Gulliver; they, but the pigmy swarm.

COLIN KIMBERLEY

Wordsworth seeks planning permission

I met a rural councillor,
His hair was white and hoary,
I sought his full permission for
Our long'd-for lavatory.

He put a form into my hand
Which I must needs submit;
We found we could not understand
One single word of it.

The urge we had to so extend
The place that is our cot
Has come to an untimely end,
So stands our chamber pot.

ROBIN CHASE

Your petitioner is the sole survivor from a scheduled disaster area. During the course of the recent catastrophic volcanic activities in the Jordanian Lowlands all my properties and possessions were destroyed: no part of their value is recoverable from my Insurance Company, as the unfortunate occurrences I refer to have been officially declared an Act of God. Under these circumstances I feel that I am not only entitled to full Supplementary Benefit, but also to Legal Aid, which latter is required in order to initiate divorce proceedings against my wife, on the grounds of irretrievable breakdown of our marriage. Never a forward-looking person, she is now completely immobilized, and incapable of performing her marital duties. After all, what can a man do to a pillar of salt? It's enough to make one wish Sodom back again.

PETER PETERSON

Tony Miles

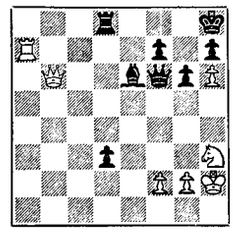
Chess

No 39 April Problems

The April Problems were probably the simplest series so far. This was not wholly intentional, as problem 30 was intended to be quite difficult. Unfortunately however, when writing the column, I omitted a King from the diagram, and consequently it was not published at all! It was also unfortunate that, as several people noticed, problem 27 was published elsewhere with a problem – at about the same time.

Problem 27 (5rkr/1b3pb1/3p3p/p2Np3/PpB1Q1Pq/1P6/2P4P/3R1RK1): The solution is not too difficult 1. Q-N6 is a clean knockout. 1. N-B6ch is also possible, but considerably less effective: 1 . . . QxN! (not 1 . . . BxN; 2. Q-N6ch, B-N2; 3. RxP, RxR; 4. QxRch, K-R2; 5. Q-B5 mate) 2. QxB! Q-N3; 3. RxQP, QxPch; (3 . . . QxR 4. RxP wins) 4. K-R1 with an overwhelming position e.g. 4 . . . K-R2; 5. B-Q3ch, K-N1; 6. R-KN1, Q-R5; 7. Q-N2, Q-N4; 8. Q-Q5! Q moves 9. R(6)-KN6, R-R2; 10. R(6)-N2 wins.

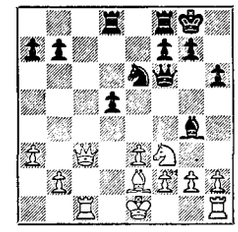
Problem 29 was the most complicated but was, essentially, only a struggle for control of the QR1 - KR8 diagonal. After 1. RxP both captures of the rook lose trivially, and if 1 . . . Q-Q5; 2. R-B8ch, or 1 . . . P-Q7; 2. RxQ, P-Q8=Q; 3. R-B8ch again, so 1 . . . Q-K4ch; 2. P-B4 and now 2 . . . R-QN1; 3. R-B8ch, or 2 . . . Q-Q3; 3. Q-N2ch, Q-Q5; 4. R-B8ch, B-N1; 5. N-N5 and Black is helpless against the threatened 6. N-B7 mate.



Problem 31 (r3r3/3nkp2/q1p1p1p1/p3P1P1/PbpB4/1P5R/2P2Q1P/3RN2K): This is a straightforward mate in four but it should be noted that 1. B-B5ch, K-Q1! is distinctly less efficient than 1.Q-B6ch!

Finally, it appears that a gentleman from Middlesex has had the bright idea of sending in two sets of solutions with separate names and addresses. I can only assume that the point of this ploy is to attempt to win two prizes. Sadly the standard of his analysis tends to defeat this objective. This was especially obvious with problem 28, where he was the only entrant to get the solution wrong – twice! All the more so since he sent two identical 13 move solutions to a mate in five. I would suggest that if he wishes to continue this practice, he should both disguise one set of handwriting and considerably improve his analysis.

The relative simplicity of the problems produced a large number of winners namely Messrs Burn, Verlander, Neelakantan, Abrahams, Sobey, McSheehy, Taylor, MacLean; with consolation prizes to Allen, Garfath, Kastanas and Gill.



Problem 39

Black played 1 . . . P-Q5. Is this good or bad and why? Assess the position. Entries to be at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 6 July.

Solution to Problem 37

1 . . . RxPch! 2. BPxR, QxPch; 3. K-B1, Q-R8ch; 4. Q-N1, B-N7ch; 5. K-R1, QxQch; 6. KxR, B-R3ch Resigns.

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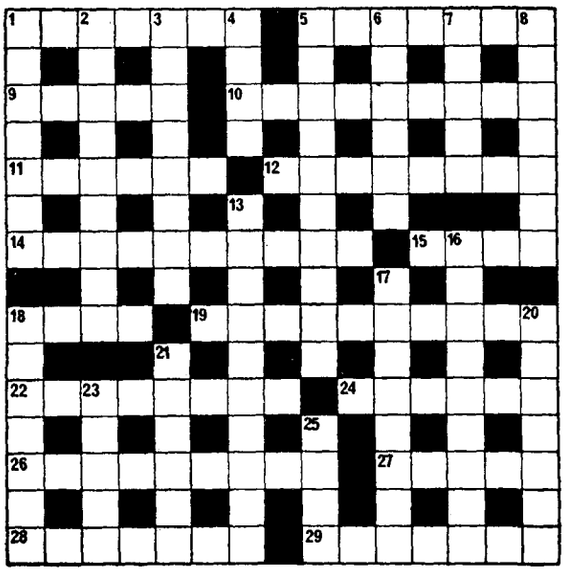
Weekend Crossword 1221

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1221, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 5 July.



ACROSS

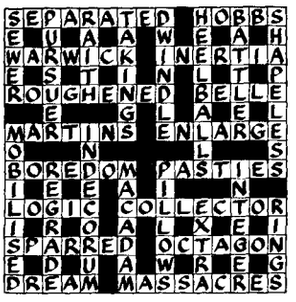
1. Ribbon coloured and gradually diminished (7).
5. To eat some makes a portion suffer, we hear (7).
9. A girl is back as something worth having (5).
10. Beat or match in taste (9).
11. A lot of porpoises go for a duck in different lochs (6).
12. Noisy point on an aircraft (8).
14. When a lot have been removed from this collection I dispose of about a hundred (10).
15. Remote as an endless place in the country (4).
18. Sailors sounded triumphant (4).
19. Carry instruments of torture for gymnastic exercises (10).
22. Wave a weapon, and there is a confused din among the impetuous (8).
24. Unskilled city would become a resort (6).
26. Feel sorry about the measure being unpleasant (9).
27. Book without article or make cancellation (5).
28. In migration a bird holds the right answer (7).
29. Where to climb for what is left by apple-picker (7).

DOWN

1. The crossbeam in front ran somewhere here (7).
2. End of race with rearranged heats following quickly (9).
3. There is no trade I distributed when in restricted supply (8).
4. Hollows in hills without men (4).
5. Office providing one with a receptacle in taste (10).
6. Fruit is put in water (6).
7. Alert for a trail (5).
8. Crosser when over eighteen (7).
13. He lets acne spoil an unblemished start (5, 5).
16. Kind of eggs which release the cooker (4, 5).
17. Comrade who freely gives them a sip (8).
18. Naked in the embrace of a lion perhaps, this provides entertainment (7).
20. Something to eat killed just about everyone (7).
21. Non-U audience? (6).
23. Literary river with a high mark (5).
25. Painful feature of last year's epidemic (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1219



Prizewinners to No 1219

D. Page (London SW2)

Edwin Smith (Kilburn)

Margaret Morris (Beaumaris)

APPOINTMENTS

DEVON COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM

Wynards, Magdalen St, Exeter

Manager required, home for recovering alcoholics, Crediton, Devon.

Must have experience in residential work. Salary £3,087 p.a.

Apply in writing before 15 July 1977 to Director at the above address.

ASH

(Action on Smoking and Health)

needs

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

To start in September. Hard work in small, lively campaign dealing with wide range of information in education, research, publicity and pressure group activities.

Salary in range £4,000-£5,000 p.a. Please apply with full CV by 8 July to the **Director, ASH, 27-35 Mortimer Street, London W1N 7RJ.**

SECRETARY

AGE CONCERN ENGLAND

a progressive National charity working for the elderly requires a Secretary for its Training Department. The requirement is for a person who is willing to work as a member of a team, who has organising ability, initiative, energy, sense of responsibility, humour, audio/shorthand typing skills. Previous secretarial experience an advantage. Must be able to work a minimum of 27½ hours per week.

Salary pro-rata of £2,448 - £2,560 according to hours and according to age and experience. 4 weeks holiday, subsidised staff canteen, contributory pension scheme.

Further details and application form from **Administrative Secretary, Age Concern England, Bernard Sunley House, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham CR4 3LL**

Closing date for applications 8 July 1977.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

DISTRIBUTION ASSISTANT

for the Publications department, to set up and develop systems of cataloguing, indexing, invoicing and subscriptions at an internal and international level. Candidates should be numerate and able to work on their own initiative. Previous library or clerical experience an advantage. Typing useful.

Salary £3,276 per annum.

For further details and application form 'phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 41 or contact 10 Southampton Street, London WC2.

MUSEUMS ASSOCIATION

Exceptional person wanted for small, busy office of professional association. General duties including typing, invoicing and switchboard relief work. Ability to work under pressure an asset.

Salary on scale according to age and experience.

Please contact Miss J. Henn, Assistant Secretary, 87 Charlotte Street, London W1.

ADMINISTRATOR

Required urgently by

SOLENT PEOPLE'S THEATRE

Experience in and commitment to Community Theatre an advantage.

Also required Male Actor to commence 25 July.

Applications with full details as soon as possible to: Director, Solent People's Theatre, St Michael's Square, Southampton SO1 0AD.

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER

Required by a teachers' association to control and develop the subscription and advertisement business relating to its two periodicals and other publications and to assist with editorial work.

Relevant business experience is essential. Salary within range £3,669 to £4,449 p.a.

Ring 01-387 6806 (Ext. 6) for application form and further details.

SMALL HOSTEL for Jewish girls and young women requires part-time assistant to house mother. Single accommodation available. JNC scale according to experience/qualifications, or board & lodging in exchange for relief duties. Telephone 01-790 6441 for further information or apply in writing to Director, 2 Beaumont Grove, London E1.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals. perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road. SW7. 373 7185.

PUBLISHING SECRETARIES (Permanent or Temporary)—it's always the widest choice at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau. 118 New Bond Street. W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

DEPUTY GENERAL SECRETARY (Scotland)

The National Union of Bank Employees

invite applications for the above appointment. The successful applicant, who will be required to take over responsibility from the present official who retires at the end of 1977 and who will be based in Glasgow, will have overall responsibility for the Union's activities in Scotland and, more particularly, will be responsible for negotiations with the Scottish Banks both collectively and institutionally. Previous industrial relations experience would be required for this important position. Commencing salary £7,500 p.a. Motor car provided. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to the **General Secretary, NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey KT10 9BH,** by 31 July 1977.

GENERAL SECRETARY

Camden Old People's Welfare Association

To replace the present holder who retires in October. The Secretary is responsible to the Executive Committee of this voluntary association (a major Old People's Welfare/Age Concern organisation) which works in close co-operation with the London Borough of Camden. COPWA's activities include two work centres, three day centres, two luncheon clubs, three welfare offices, an employment scheme and a house bound leisure service. There are 20 full-time and 3 part-time staff and over 100 volunteers. The Secretary is a co-opted member of the Social Services Committee of Camden Council and a member of the North Camden Community Health Council. The successful candidate will be responsible for all activities of the Association and will directly supervise the administration of various funds on behalf of the London Borough of Camden and case work at the Gray's Inn Road office.

Salary to a maximum of £5,292 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. 24 day's annual leave; local government superannuation scheme.

Further details and application form (to be returned completed not later than 15 July 1977) obtainable from the **General Secretary, COPWA, 335 Gray's Inn Road, WC1X 8PX.**

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UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA NORWICH

CHAIRS IN DEVELOPMENT STUDIES

Applications are invited for three chairs in the School of Development Studies. Preference will be given to candidates with interests and experience in the following fields:

1. NATURAL RESOURCES Candidates should have a particular interest in the ecological, agricultural or natural resource aspects of rural development in developing countries.

2. SOCIAL CHANGE The sociology, social anthropology, rural development, social planning, development theory and/or politics of developing countries. Applicants with experience in other fields relevant to social change, including human geography, economic and social history will also be considered.

3. DEVELOPMENT ECONOMICS Candidates should possess a wide knowledge of the economic theories of development. Applicants from a wide range of interests will be considered but the main emphasis of the teaching programme of the School and the work load of the Overseas Development Group has, in the past, been in the field of project appraisal & techniques of planning.

All candidates should be prepared to play a leading role in evolving programmes of teaching and research within an interdisciplinary setting, but must also have a strong command of the theory of their discipline and be concerned with practical solutions to development problems. The persons appointed will be members of the Overseas Development Group and will, normally, spend about one-third of their time on outside-funded assignments, usually overseas. Practical experience of advisory and/or consultancy work for government or international organisations is preferred.

Further particulars of these posts may be obtained from the Registrar and Secretary, The Registry, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ, with whom applications (one copy) giving full details of age, qualifications, experience and publications, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference can be made should be lodged not later than 31 July 1977.

ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the above post from a wide age range. The work includes the conducting of negotiations, the servicing of committees, assistance with professional and organisational activities and maintaining contact with local groups of the Association's members in UK universities.

Salary £5,219 - £7,951 plus London Allowance of £450 p.a. The appointment will be made at a point on the scale according to age and experience.

Full details from: **The General Secretary (AGS), AUT, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London W11 3HJ.** Closing date for receipt of applications 14 July 1977.

FINANCE OFFICER

Finance Officer required by large national Trade Union in London. Applicant's previous career must have been such as to show proven experience both of ability to control and organise staff, and of a sound knowledge of accounting.

Salary £4,058 per annum plus expenses. Applications in first instance to

THOMSON McLINTOCK & CO., Chartered Accountants, 3 PRINCES STREET, NORWICH NR3 1AS

R I B A

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY

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Salary circa £2,800 plus subsidised restaurant and generous holidays.

Telephone Sandra Ashton on 01-580 5533

THE CIVIL SERVICE UNION

has a vacancy for an

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Salary, taking account of age and experience, will rise from £4,985-£7,340, plus £522 pay supplements.

Application form and further information from: The General Secretary (AS), 14-21 Hatton Wall, London EC1N 8JP.

Closing date for return of application form: first post Monday, 25 July 1977.

DEPUTY EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

required for the

MEDICAL COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM

Must be interested in Community Health and Education in the field of Alcoholism and be prepared to administer the Councils affairs and its Committees. This is a full-time post with salary to appropriate scale according to specialised knowledge and experience. Higher degree desirable.

Applications to the Executive Director, Medical Council on Alcoholism, 8 Bourdon Street, London W1X 9HY. Telephone 01-493 0081.

AGE CONCERN

PARLIAMENTARY LIAISON OFFICER

Age Concern England, a progressive national charity working for the elderly both nationally and through local voluntary groups, is looking for a new officer to work within Parliament on policy and campaigning issues. The post would involve close co-ordination will the All-Party Pensioners Group of MPs and the various national bodies working on behalf of the elderly.

The successful applicant would be attached to the Information Department at Age Concern and would be expected to act as part of a team. It is essential that applicants should be able to write clearly and concisely. This post would be ideal for a person with some experience of political affairs and information work. The successful applicant must be able to work amicably with others of various political beliefs.

Salary on a scale between £2,694-£3,155 according to previous experience, 4 weeks holiday; pension scheme; subsidised canteen.

Further details and application form from **Administrative Secretary, Age Concern England, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3LL.**

Closing date for applications 8 July 1977

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require

RESEARCHERS/REPORTERS

experienced in television current affairs or journalism to work on

THE LONDON PROGRAMME

and similarly qualified

RESEARCHERS

for the

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to work initially on a new series examining the medical risk of 20th Century living and later on a range of programmes including documentaries and current affairs.

Applications with full curriculum vitae to:

Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, SE1.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY (NEGOTIATIONS)

The National Union of Bank Employees

invite applications for the above appointment. The successful applicant, who will be based at Esher, Surrey, will be responsible for negotiations and organisation in respect of the Union's expanding membership in Building Societies and Finance Houses. Previous Trade Union/Industrial Relations experience would be required for this position. Commencing salary (including outer London allowance and subject to review shortly) £5,617 p.a. Motor car provided. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to **NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey KT10 9BH,** by 31 July 1977.

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BARNES COMMON. Quiet person to share flat, own rm. £10 p.w. 876 8067/636 8333 ext. 652.

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TO LET: 22 JULY-19 AUGUST terraced, Victorian family house, nr Clapham Common & Underground. 4 lge bdrms, small garden. £55 p.w. incl. gas, elec. 38 Briarwood Rd, SW4. 01-622 6415.

CHELSEA. Large, sunny bedsit with washroom, all mod. cons. £14. 352 7552.

OXFORD: 3-bedroom house to let from 30 July-2 September. £30 p.w. Tel. Oxford 724371.

Accom. Share

FAMILIES SHARING. Couple urgently seek others to buy & share biggish house just outside W. London. Aims: open, unserious, creative environment for adults & kids. Tel. Shippey, 578 9111 (day) or 031-667 4149.

Accom. Wanted

SISTERS req. short let flat, 2 bedrms + bathrm. Part furn. £20-£25. Tel. 837 2478.

HAVE YOU A CENTRAL LONDON FLAT you would let (up to £120 p.m.) but for the Rent Act? A Times sub-editor and doctor wife, careful tenants who won't overstay, would like it please. Box 7948.

SINGLE ROOM, Sept.-Dec. by mature student abandoning family Mons-Fridays desperate to complete thesis/film by Xmas. Nr Holborn if poss. Box 7961.

ANYONE WITH UNDER-USED COTTAGE E. Anglia care to rent to considerate NW London family? Hols & some wkends. 263 0133 eves.

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VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

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£12 P.W. PER PERSON. Lge Plymouth hse, Dartmoor & Cornwall 15 mins. Share kit. & hse. Pref. friendly Lefties. Avail. July. Plymouth 266985.

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Courses

Continued from p. 872

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For details write to: Linguarama Ltd, 53 Pall Mall, London SW1. Attention: Summer Foreign Language Courses.

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BUDAPEST/VIENNA, 7-16 September. I.S.T.D. Study Tour: visits to penal and treatment institutions, discussions, sightseeing. Inclusive cost: £198. Details: Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 34 Surrey Street, Croydon CR0 1RJ. Tel. 01-680 2068.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

Publications

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COOK BOOKS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE from Abigail Books. Specialists in old and new cookery books and books on domestic subjects. Spring catalogue now available. 10-6 Monday-Friday. 31 Sackville Street, London W1X 1DB. 01-437 2155

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LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St.01-876 7254 London SW13.

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Further details: **Julian Davies, Senior Administrative Officer, the City Lit, Stukeley St, Drury Lane, London WC2.** Closing date 11 July 1977.

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Vol. 93 No. 2414

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded booking info: 836 5332. 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'The Comedy of Errors' in repertoire with 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. See daily press for dates & times. RSC also at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats'.

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CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 24, 25, 27, 29, 30 June at 7, 'In Order of Appearance'. 25 & 30 June at 2, 28 June at 7, 'Waters of the Moon'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'The Ascent of Mount Fuji' by Chingiz Aimatov & Kaltai Mukhamedzhanov, directed by Michael Rudman. Nightly 8, Sats 5 & 8.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Volpone', 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', 'Madras House', 'Julius Caesar', The Nuria Espert Co. in 'Divinas Palabras', 'Bedroom Farce', 'State of Revolution', 'To those Born Later' & 'Old Movies'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded info. 928 2256.

POLESDEN LACEY Open Air Theatre, Great Bookham, Surrey. 'As You Like It' 29, 30 June, 1 July at 7.30 p.m. Saturday 2 July at 3 & 7.30 p.m. 'Macbeth' 6, 7, 8 July at 7.30 p.m. Saturday 9 July at 3 & 7.30 p.m. Tickets £1.40, £1.10 & 85p. Bookham 52241 10 a.m.-7 p.m. (Sat. 1 p.m.).

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. Max Wall & John Thaw in 'Fair Slaughter' by Howard Barker.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 956 1107. Until 9 July 'The Norman Conquests' by Alan Ayckbourn. 28 June-9 July 'Round and Round the Garden'.

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Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Sam Silkin, Attorney General, on 'The Law and the Executive'. 29 June 7.30 p.m. 62 Marchmont St. WC1. All welc. Collection.

SUNDAY 26 JUNE. Young Mapam invites you to hear Ariek Finkel talk on 'Socialist Zionism — a contradiction in terms?' at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. 8 p.m. Adm. 50p.

HARPENDEN. – Public Forum. 'Why is the Social Contract a betrayal of socialist principles?' Support this event. Details 'phone Harpenden 64418.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 26 June 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

SUNDAY MEETINGS — South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. All welcome. 11 a.m. 26 June: Prof. George Rudé—'Crime and Protest in C19th Britain'. 3 July: Audrey Williamson — 'Thomas Holcroft, Friend of Paine'. 10 July: Geoff Coggan — 'English Prisons and the English Conscience'. 17 July: Peter Cadogan — 'Non-Violence, Idea and Action'.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 25 June 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 28 June 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 29 June 6.30 p.m. 'Tibetan & Theravada Buddhism' – two separate Study Classes. All welc. Send s.a.e. for full prog.

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